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MOORE: POET AND PATRIOT

MOORE: POET AND PATRIOT

By JOHN P. GUNNING ❧ Author of "Burns: Poet and Excise Officer" ❧ ❧

M. H. GILL AND SON ❧ PUBLISHERS ❧
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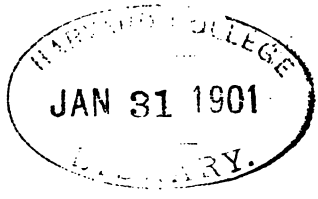

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Moore: Poet and Patriot

CHAPTER I

HIS BIRTHPLACE

IF the aphorism of Fletcher be true, viz., "Let me make the songs of a people, and you shall make its laws," no poet, with, perhaps, the exception of Burns, is entitled to a higher niche in the Temple of Fame than the author of the "Irish Melodies." "Lalla Rookh" and his other works, poetical and prose, may have brought him money and reputation, but the memory of Moore shall for ever live and be imperishably enshrined in his "Irish Melodies."

The subject of our narrative was born on May 28, 1779, in Aungier Street, Dublin, where his father carried on the business of a spirit grocer. The house can still be seen, and a small bust of the poet stands in an alcove immediately over the entrance door. The business of a spirit grocer, or to speak more accurately that of a publican, which his father followed, is still carried on there; and the house is yearly visited by the curious and the wise.

His mother, Anastasia Codd, was a Wexford woman, a fact which made that county dear to him all through his life-time. He never spoke of his mother but in the most affectionate tone and remem-

brance; and if there be a "divinity which shapes our ends," she, more than anybody else, shaped his early career and inspired him with the loftiest ideas of morality and patriotism. And to show her early devotedness towards her first-born, the son she gloried in and loved so well, she got a medal struck off with his name and the date of his birth, which she preserved until almost her very last breath, and then only parted with to him who inspired her devotion and whose memory it held dear. Nor was the mother's love misplaced in the son; for, perhaps, outside of his journal is there no more delightful reading, more unfolded heartfelt emotions, more natural, sympathetic feeling than in those letters written to his mother from out the deep and affectionate recesses of the poet's heart.

Nor can it be said that the medal was used as a means of recording the child's age—though Moore himself believed it to be so—for this mode of commemoration was not necessary, even in those far-off days when the register of births, deaths and marriages was not yet a product of our civilization, as a baptismal certificate—a copy taken from the register preserved in the Church of St Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin, in 1852, and given to Lord John Russell in that year—runs as follows:

"I certify that Thomas Moore, son of John and Anastasia Moore, was baptized, according to the rite of the Catholic Church, on May 30, A.D. 1779, Sponsors being James Dowling and Margaret Lynch, as appears from the Baptismal Register of the United Parishes of St Andrew, St Peter and St Anne, kept in the Church of St Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin.

MICHAEL BARNS,
Curate of said Parishes."

So deep was his affection for his mother that, even at the mature age of forty-three, when the world with all its vanities and attractions would have in no small degree petrified the feelings even of men less petted and less lionized than Moore, the poet from out the depth of his love wrote, in 1822, the following lines in her pocket-book:

They tell us of an Indian tree
Which—howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high—
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
'Tis thus, tho' woo'd by flattering friends
And fed with fame, if fame it be,
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

Even at a very early age Moore seems to have exhibited considerable talent, for we find a juvenile effusion of his in one of the journals of the time —*Anthologia Hibernica*—addressed to his schoolmaster:

TO SAMUEL WHYTE, ESQ.

Hail! heav'n-taught votary of the laurel'd Nine
That in the groves of science strike their lyres;
Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine,
Sage Reason guides and wild-ey'd Fancy fires.

If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark
Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increased the flame;
Thy smiles beam'd sunshine on my wand'ring bark,
That dared to try Castalia's dangerous stream.

Oh, then, for thee may many a joy-wing'd year,
With not a stain but still new charms, appear;
Till, when at length thy mortal course is run,
Thou sett'st in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun.

THOMAS MOORE.

January 1, 1794.

This well-known teacher taught his little school in Grafton Street, Dublin, where Moore, in the *rôle* of actor, often delighted both his teacher and his associates in the private theatricals which were a sort of institution in the academy of Mr Whyte. Among Moore's schoolfellows who attended this school was the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was pronounced at the time by his teacher to be an "incorrigible dunce," but who afterwards dazzled the senate with his eloquence and enriched English dramatic literature with the most witty and sparkling of comedies.

While still in the very early bloom of youth, and with a desire, the stimulus of which never lessened in after years, to please a "most amiable father and a mother such as in head and heart has rarely been equalled," Moore composed a masque, which was acted by himself, his sister and a few friends under the parental roof at Aungier Street. Thus he continued to cultivate the muse of poetry, and, like Pope, "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

In the Grafton Street School, Moore, under the careful and assiduous tuition of Mr Whyte, appears to have made great headway in his studies; so much so that it was now deemed necessary to have the lad placed within reach of higher educational facilities. The anxiety of a mother was awakened as to how these future studies of a higher nature could be obtained for the son whom she idolized.

Queen's Colleges and Royal Universities still lay sleeping in the womb of futurity; and Catholic university education was but a *shadow*, as even now, in the nebulous region of the future. University education could only be obtained then on the continent, and a great many of the continental colleges were closed then through the outbreak of the French Revolution. Even if the great colleges

in France and elsewhere were open for instruction, Moore's parents could ill afford to have their son educated there.

Ireland, in the days of Moore's earlier years, was far different from the Ireland of to-day. The civil, and above all, the religious disabilities under which Catholics laboured, and which were their inheritance through the operations of cruel and unjust enactments, precluded the children of Catholic parents from the advantages of the higher educational establishments to which their more fortunate Protestant brethren had easy access. Not only was the entrance to the great learned institutions of the country, which were Protestant, barred against Catholics, but the avenues of social distinction were closed—the army, the navy—in fact all the offices of the state were strictly banned and proscribed; and like the massive gates which barred the entrance to the happy valley in the kingdom of Ambara —the residence of Rasellas, Prince of Abyssinia— and which were only open at stated periods to the sound of music, so it was with the barriers that shut out Catholics from honour, from distinction, from emoluments and from the offices of state in their own land—except, indeed, through the discordant hearkenings of religious apostasy.

Catholics were, as the Greeks were, the Helots of their country; and the parents of Moore, who were Catholics, felt these slavish and galling indignities more cruelly because undeserved, more keenly because their son was now debarred from prosecuting those higher studies for which a mother's heart yearned.

In those years a new light was beginning to dawn on the eastern horizon of the sky of English government in Ireland. The French Revolution had torn the old institutions of its own country from their very roots, and even led the ill-fated

Louis XVI to the scaffold. The law of change was the most powerful in nature; and nations, like individuals, must obey it. Not only in France was the shock of the great Revolution felt, but its influence was visible even in England. Whether the fear of French principles, which were beginning to spread and take deep root in Ireland as they had elsewhere, or whether the English political conscience had at last been awakened to a sense of its government of this country by unjust laws, we can hardly venture an opinion; but the time apparently had, however, arrived, or perhaps the exigencies of the time had called aloud for some relief from the burdens—the offspring of the Penal Laws —under which the Catholics groaned and suffered.

Though the Relief Bills of 1774 and 1778 left the ordinary means of acquiring wealth by trade and commerce open to Catholics, still the Catholics were precluded from the higher offices within the pale of the constitution; and this exclusion by the tyrannous grinding of the Penal Laws was regarded by a new generation of Protestant patriots, such as Butler, Wolfe Tone and Emmet (to whom all honour is due), as a public calamity. "This scandalous misapplication of patronage and the partisanship with which it was distributed undoubtedly disorganized the social condition of the country, and was, no doubt, due to the English Parliament. It is true the blame of the Penal Laws rested particularly on the Irish Parliament, but it was wholly subservient to British influence and control." *

In the year 1790 a Catholic Committee was formed for the ostensible object of bringing by constitutional means some influence to bear upon Parliament for redress of Catholic grievances, the admission of Catholics to offices controlled by the

* Lecky.

state and a voice in the making and administration of the law. The leaders of the Catholic Committee were John Keogh, Edward Byrne and Richard McCormack, who had risen to opulence and influence by trade and commerce. The old remnant of the Catholic aristocracy and the peerage, who for upwards of four centuries preserved their faith through strife and persecutions, stood timidly aloof from the popular movement, but after some persuasion, however, they lent their presence and influence to the organization. This did not continue for long. Some rumours got abroad, which perhaps were ill-founded, that the new movement was no less than French principles of the most revolutionary character disguised in the garb of the Catholic Committee movement. The titled aristocrats took alarm, and seceded in a mass. It is, however, to be regretted that the Catholic gentry of the time should have shown so little backbone on the occasion, for whatever little relief was gained for the Catholics through the determination and diplomacy of Keogh and his party, the delay in the passing of the Emancipation Act, which might have been gained in the near future had the Catholic forces preserved their unity, was no doubt occasioned by this disruption within their ranks. Again was the Catholic democracy separated from the Catholic gentry. As the outcome of this disruption amongst the Catholic forces, and in the cause of civil and religious equality with their Protestant countrymen, the Protestant patriots united with the Catholic democracy, and formed that society popularly known as the society of "United Irishmen." The Protestant patriots were men of large influence and large vision, and numbers of them were members of the ruling classes who, by their efforts and indomitable perseverance, brought the system of religious intolerance to the

ground. They saw that Irish Protestants could not be free while their Catholic countrymen were slaves.

The Catholic Society, as a rival organization to that of the "United Irishmen," was formed ostensibly by Mr McKenna, but indirectly controlled by the seceders. Its object was to spread the knowledge of Catholic doctrines and principles more widely.

Owing, however, to the milk-and-water way in which the rival institutions were guided and controlled, the cause of the Catholics fell to a very low state, and more especially after the refusal of the chief secretary to grant or even consider the claims for Catholic concession which were placed before him by the twelve Catholic delegates who were deputed to wait on him at the castle. The Catholic cause would inevitably have perished but for the tact and great diplomacy of John Keogh. With the instincts, tactics and perseverance of a great general and diplomatist, Keogh rallied his forces and proposed that a delegation be sent to London at the expense of the Committee. Seeing the lukewarm way the Committee entertained the project he offered at last to go himself, if they would give him but the seal of their authority. His offer was gladly accepted, and to London Keogh went. "I arrived in London," he says, "without any introduction from this country, without any support, without any assistance, any instructions." In London he spent three months, converted Dundas who then held a high place in the Government of the day, brought back with him Burke's son as secretary, and got a promise of four concessions: (1) the magistracy; (2) the grand juries; (3) the sheriffs of counties; (4) the bar.

Keogh returned to Dublin, when a meeting, numerously at held to hear his report.

The question of Catholic relief was fully discussed; and the manner in which Keogh was received by English ministers was contrasted with the cold civility, even open hostility, which the delegates of the Catholic Committee met at the castle. A strong organization was now needed to carry out the project and wishes of the Committee to a successful issue; and the result of the meeting was, after much debate, that the existing Committee should be formed into a convention. The Catholics of each borough and county, according to the arranged plan, were to elect two or more delegates to represent the borough or county at the general meeting to be held on December 3 following. Many of the Irish corporations and grand juries, as might be expected, spoke in the strongest terms against the convention, calling it "unconstitutional," "alarming," "most dangerous"; in short, denounced it as similar in substance to the National Assembly of France, and determined to suppress it, "even at the cost of their lives and their fortunes." The Catholic answer to this tirade was the legal opinion of Butler and Burton, eminent lawyers, Protestants and king's counsellors, who stated that the Catholic measure was perfectly legal. The selection of delegates proceeded; the convention met on the appointed day, when 200 members were present and the convention henceforth was to be popularly known as "The Back-lane Parliament." The proposed petition to the king was next taken up and discussed in language forcible and convincing. In the "Memoirs of Tone," who, though a Protestant, became secretary to the Catholic Committee, the debate on the petition is given with great colour and force. Much determination and firmness of purpose in the Catholic interest were shown by MacDermot of Sligo, Devereux of Wexford, Sir Thomas French, Bellew

of Galway, Teeling of Antrim, and last, though not least, by John Keogh, who ably discussed the substance of the petition to the king, the rights of the Catholic claims, and carried the matter without a division after a debate of two days that the king should be petitioned for nothing short of complete, unfettered and unrestricted emancipation. All the above gentlemen, including the chairman and secretary, were appointed as delegates to proceed to London and lay the Catholic proposition before the king.

In London the delegates met with much delay in the prosecution of the charge with which they were entrusted; but after slow but persistent negotiation with ministers a day was fixed on January 2, 1793, for their introduction to the king. A great Irishman—Edmund Burke, one of their own kith and kin and the home secretary—presented the delegates to George III. The king received the petition and the delegates "very graciously," and assured them that their case would be recommended to Parliament. The delegates withdrew, and returned to Dublin apparently well pleased with how matters passed off with the monarch.

A great change now came over the castle authorities in reference to the Catholic cause; the viceroy was all attention to Catholic interests, and the secretary, who some short time before received the delegates of the Catholic Committee with chilling ascerbity, now endeavoured to meet them in as conciliatory a manner as possible by granting small concessions and redressing Catholic grievances.

The question at this time of Catholic emancipation in its entirety was not pressed for many reasons. The execution of Louis XVI was yet fresh upon the public mind, and the tumult and upheaval of social order caused by it had not yet subsided. With the wisdom and experience begotten of four cen-

turies of calamitous persecution, the Catholics had very wisely come to the conclusion that the asking of too much might be the losing or rather the risking of all; so they judiciously abstained from pressing the demand of absolute Catholic emancipation. The chief secretary introduced the Bill, and Grattan, Curran, Forbes, Hutchinson, provost of Trinity College, and Ponsonby personally supported it. Speaker Foster, Mr Ogle and the famous apostate, Dr Duigenan, opposed it in the House of Commons; and the Lord Chancellor and nearly all the bishops offered it the most strenuous opposition in the House of Lords.

However, the Bill was carried triumphantly, and became law on April 9, 1793. Tone, the secretary of the Catholic Committee, thus speaks of the Bill:

"By one comprehensive clause," says Tone, "all penalties, forfeitures, disabilities and incapacities are removed; the property of the Catholic is completely discharged from the restraints and limitations of the Penal Laws, and their liberty is, in a great measure, restored by the restoration of the right of elective franchise—so long withheld, so ardently pursued. The right of self-defence is established by the restoration of the privilege to carry arms, subject to a restraint which does not seem unreasonable, as excluding none but the very lowest orders. The unjust and unreasonable distinctions affecting Catholics, as to service on grand and petty juries, are done away; the army, navy and all other offices and places of trust are opened to them, subject to exceptions hereafter mentioned. Catholics may be masters or fellows of any college hereafter to be founded, subject to two conditions—that such college be a member of the university, and that it may be not founded exclusively for the education of Catholics. They may be members of any lay body corporate, except Trinity College;

any law, statute or bye-law of such corporation to the contrary notwithstanding. They may obtain degrees in the University of Dublin. These and some less immunities and privileges constitute the grant of the Bill, the value of which will be ascertained by referring to the petition."

True that the high offices of Lord Lieutenant, Lord Deputy and Lord Chancellor were yet closed to Catholics; and Catholics were also excluded from sitting in Parliament, or from exercising judicial and legislative functions; yet the franchise, the professions, the juries and, to young Catholic gentlemen, Trinity College, were thrown open by the Act. Moore, who might have had some conscientious scruples on the score of religion, availed himself, however, of the boon—if it could be called a boon—and was enrolled a student in that loyal and Conservative seat of learning immediately after the passing of the Catholic Relief Act.

CHAPTER II

IN TRINITY COLLEGE

STRANGE as it may appear, two years after the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill of 1793, the Catholic College of Maynooth had been incorporated by law in June, 1795, and had been opened to students in the October following. Catholic young men now could be educated for the priesthood without fear of imprisonment, transportation, aye, and even death. Three years after, in 1798, the grant of £8,000 given to it by Parliament was increased to £10,000; so that Dr Hussey, bishop of Waterford, in a pastoral letter addressed to his flock in this year assures them that "The popery laws are upon the eve of being extinguished for ever; and may no wicked hand ever again attempt to divide this land by making religious distinctions a mask to divide, to disturb, to oppress it."

Had England, it may be asked, anything in view in granting such sweeping concessions and endowments to Catholics and to Catholic institutions; or had the day arrived, which Dr Hussey so anxiously anticipated, when open religious distinction, rank intolerance and persecution were to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness? The Union, it appears, had not yet assumed practical shape in the political programme of the period; but although not openly insinuated by the ministry, it had been, we fear, under contemplation; and we have every reason to believe that the

Catholic Relief Bill of 1793 and the incorporation of Maynooth College by law, and the increasing of its Parliamentary grant was but the outcome of the Pitt administration, whereby to soften the Catholic hierarchy and win the allegiance of the Catholic aristocracy. How well Pitt succeeded is only too well known to the intelligent student of the memoirs of the times.

Moore entered Trinity College in 1794, and was placed under the tuition of the Rev. — Burrowes, who enjoyed a considerable reputation for classical acquirements. Although the college was thrown open to Catholics, and they were admitted within its sacred portals, yet they were only students by name, and the exclusive spirit of social distinction, which always characterized the ascendency party in their dealings with their oppressed Catholic countrymen, only too plainly showed Moore that his admission to that richly-endowed institution, established in the reign of Elizabeth, was only one of suffrance and in conformity to Act of Parliament only. College distinctions to Moore and to Catholics were misnomers, and the emoluments won and accruing from scholarships, not to speak of scholarships themselves, were barren victories. Moore was no exception to this rule. Having become a candidate for a scholarship and having passed this trying examination with much credit, the pecuniary honours attendant on the pass were denied him.

Although Moore in the year 1793 had written some verses in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, yet he seems to have done nothing worth recording in the poetical line until he entered college, when he wrote at one of the quarterly examinations a theme in English verse which brought him the reward of a copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis." He also contemplated the translation of the "Odes of

Anachreon," a specimen or version of the fifth ode having appeared in the *Anthologia Hibernica* of February, 1794. It was the translation of these odes which he subsequently published that brought him into public notice and perhaps into fame.

In the political world outside of Trinity College matters were assuming lurid shapes; and Moore, as was to be expected from one of his warm and patriotic temperament, was not oblivious to the stirring scenes which were daily ushering in the declining years of the eighteenth century. He was friendly, in fact on the most intimate acquaintance, in college and out of it, with men who were subsequently implicated in that dire insurrection of 1798. He became acquainted with Emmet in 1797, for whom he ever afterwards cherished the most abiding affection and esteem. In the Debating Society, a branch of that famous Historical Society founded by Burke, he met Emmet and others who were afterwards to play such an important part in the history of their country. On the popular side in the society Moore relates that the chief ornament was Emmet, and though the college authorities took care to exclude from debate subjects having any tendency whatever to the politics of the time, yet by allusion or parallel or illustration Emmet always managed to bring the prospects of the country he loved so well within the scope of his oratorical views. "So powerful," says Moore, "in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the university, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of

Emmet and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them."

It was about this time (1797) that a tri-weekly paper, called the *Press*, was published by the chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy. Various were the articles contributed to its columns, and those written with a spicy, patriotic flavour were always the most palatable. Moore, driven along by political ardour, soon found himself contributing to the columns of the *Press*. His first effort in that direction was a short imitation of Ossian. He, after a time, however, proceeded in a bolder way, and his next ambitious production for the newspaper in question was a letter addressed "To the Students of Trinity College," written, as he himself expresses it, "in turgid Johnsonian sort of style, but seasoned with the then favourite condiment, treason." Only Edward Hudson knew of the secret of the letter to the *Press*, which to Moore's astonishment appeared in its columns next morning. Moore's own account of how his father and mother looked upon the treasonable letter is well worth recording. "I had the gratification, after my reading it to them," says Moore, "of hearing it much praised by them, and might have been tempted, I think, into avowing myself the author had I not found that the language and sentiments of it were considered by both to be 'very bold.' I was not destined, however, to remain long concealed. On the following day, Edward Hudson—the only person whom I entrusted with the secret—called to pay us a morning visit, and had not long been in the room conversing with my mother when, looking significantly at me, he said, 'Well you saw——' Here he stopped, but my mother's eye had followed his with the rapidity of lightning to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth.

'That letter was yours, then, Tom?' she instantly said to me, with a look of eagerness and apprehension; and I of course acknowledged the fact without further hesitation. She then most earnestly entreated of me never again to venture on so dangerous a step, and as any wish of hers was to me a law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required of me."

This was no doubt the turning point in the poet's political career, for we are inclined to think that only for this faithful and solemn promise to his mother never to venture again on such dangerous ground, he might have been hurried along on that tempestuous, ill-guided, ill-judged and ill-fated mission which brought so many of his noble countrymen to destruction and to death.

Nor were matters, especially political matters, much less startling outside of Trinity than they were inside. The feverish and patriotic excitement of the times, which not only agitated Ireland, but convulsed Europe, crept even into the innermost recesses of that great educational fort of loyalty and rigid conservatism. With nothing less than upas tree growth did this United Irish Society grow, flourish and have its being within the walls of this citadel of learning, ambition and high hopes. The fearful drama that was being daily enacted, even under the very eyes of the college authorities, was soon to be discovered. As the result, a formidable inquisition was to be held by the "bitterest of all Orange politicians," the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon. The evidence that was being daily elicited through the examination of witnesses, the disclosures, the plans and resources of the Society which were momentarily revealed, justified the authorities in their inquisitorial proceeding and plainly showed how far the agencies of sedition and treason had carried and

inculcated their doctrines. Here we may be excused for giving a lengthy extract in Moore's own words, and the more readily so for the interest which it certainly must convey to the general reader, of the turbulent spirit of the times, with its joys and its sorrows, its ideals and its aspirations. Moore, as one of those who were implicated and who narrowly escaped expulsion with the nineteen others who were expelled, vividly writes of the event as follows:

"There were a few—and among that number were poor Robert Emmet, John Brown and the two Corbetts—whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions now about to be inquired into. But there was one young friend of mine whose appearance among the suspected and examined quite as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. This was Dacre Hamilton, the son of a Protestant lady, a widow, with very small means, but of highly respectable connexions; he himself, in addition to his scholarship and talents, was one of the most primitively innocent persons with whom I was acquainted, accordingly producing often among those who were intimate with him that sort of amusement mixed with affection which the Parson Adams class of character is always certain to inspire. He and Emmet, both of them my seniors in the university, had long been intimate and attached friends, their congenial fondness for mathematical studies being, I think, a far stronger bond of sympathy between them than their politics. For whatever interest poor Dacre Hamilton may have taken *speculatively* in the success of the popular cause, he knew quite as little, I believe, of the definite objects of the United Irishmen, and was

as innocent of the plans then at work for their accomplishment, as I can truly allege I was myself. From his being called up, however, on this first day of the inquiry when, as it appeared, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there can be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have had some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination some questions were put to him which he refused to answer (most probably from their tendency to involve or criminate others), and he was dismissed, poor fellow, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects were utterly blasted, it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was to be not merely banishment from the university, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of the whole day had been such as to send me home to my anxious parents with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given compromising even the lives of some of those friends whom I had been most accustomed to regard both with affection and admiration, and what I felt even still more than their danger—a danger ennobled at that time in my eyes by the great cause in which it had been incurred—was the degrading spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them: persons who had themselves, of course, been implicated in the plot and now came forward, either as volunteer informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences to secure their own safety at the expense of their associates and friends.

I remember well the gloom that hung over our family circle on that evening as we talked over the events of the day and discussed the probability of my being among those who would be called upon

for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear, honest father and mother came was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their prospects and hopes for me, yet if the questions leading to the crimination of others which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor Dacre Hamilton alone refused to answer, should be put also to me, I must in the same manner and at all risks return a similar refusal.

I forget whether I received any intimation on the following morning that I should be one of those examined in the course of the day, but I rather think that some such notice was conveyed to me, and at last my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty, and by his side the memorable "Paddy" Duigenan—memorable at least to all who lived in those dark times for his eternal pamphlets sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my lord," said I in a clear, firm voice; "I have an objection to taking this oath." "What's your objection, sir?" he asked sternly. "I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. "How old are you, sir?" I told him my age—between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I daresay, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and ex-

changed a few words with him in an under voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again looking towards me, "we cannot allow any person to remain in our university who would refuse to take this oath." "I shall then, my lord," I replied, "take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described." "We do not sit here to argue with you, sir," he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair.

The following were the questions and answers that then ensued, and I can pretty well pledge myself for their almost verbal accuracy, as well as for that of the conversation which preceded them. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the university, he asked: "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?" "No, my lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him resumed: "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation." I was told afterwards that a Fellow of the college, named Stokes—a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men—turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some

one who sat next him, and said: "That's the best answer that has been given yet."

I was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, though tolerably conscious in my own mind that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall and seen what sort of verdict their looks and manners would pass on my conduct. And here I had certainly every reason to feel satisfied, as all crowded around me with hearty congratulations, not so much, I could see, on my acquittal by my judges as on the manner in which I had acquitted myself. Of my reception at home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description: "It was all that *such* a home alone could furnish."

Among many others besides Emmet, Brown, the brothers Corbett and Dacre Hamilton, who incurred the displeasure of the college authorities in that celebrated visitation of 1798 was the very intimate friend of Wolfe Tone, the remarkable Whitley Stokes—the Stokes above alluded to by Moore and the grandfather, we understand, of the present Sir William Stokes, the eminent Dublin medical practitioner. Whitley Stokes was a medical Fellow of the college at the time and was suspended from his Fellowship for thirteen years by Lord Clare, the notorious chancellor, for his sympathies with the patriot party. The answer of Whitley Stokes to the chancellor at this visitation is still famous even after the lapse of a century. He was asked whether he knew anything of secret or illegal societies in the college. Without hesitation he promptly answered that he did, and was thereupon called to explain and declare all he knew respecting them. "The only societies of that description of which I am aware," said Dr Stokes,

"are Orange Societies, and I know some members of them." An eye-witness describing the scene says that if the chancellor had been struck a violent blow he could not have shown more surprise and indignation. "He," says that same witness, "started from his seat at the audacious sincerity of this simple-minded man."

Over this memorable episode in the life of Trinity College we may say parenthetically that we are forced to come to one conclusion and one conclusion only, and that is that the administration of law in Ireland at the time must have been purely one-sided without any attention whatever being paid to the impartial administration of justice between man and man, and that that sacred *term* itself was only a travesty and a mockery, besmirched and outraged by its biassed administrators.

The fountain of justice must certainly have been polluted when we have here some of the most noble spirits, all Protestant and belonging to the ascendency class, the most brilliant ornaments of a college famed for two hundred years for its loyalty, espousing the cause of their oppressed Catholic countrymen through the agency even of a treasonable society, knowing, as they did, the danger that attended its espousal and the almost impracticability of the realization of their scheme by physical force. Not that they ever dreamt of failure, for they were ever sanguine of success. They saw constitutional methods for redress of grievances clogged and impeded at every step by religious intolerance and the administration of even the common law of the land meted out and administered with the most provoking partiality. They saw even in their own university the spirit of ascendency and exclusiveness ostentatiously and superciliously paraded under the eyes of their fellow Catholic students, who were there only on

suffrance with the brand of legal inferiority still upon their proscribed and oppressed creed.

To pure and noble natures like theirs, this never-ceasing parade of superiority was galling and affecting. They saw with a prescience for which the spirit of the times did not give them ample credit, if indeed it gave any, that unless toleration was based on equality and justice, and not on expediency and policy, and unless all men had civil and religious rights, they could not be called fellow citizens, although they might be called fellow-countrymen. They saw that the social ideal lies not on the bed rock of judicial partiality or religious hatred but on the broad and well-organized basis of civil order in common with religious freedom. Guided by such theories as these, which may be called heroic, and which time has proved to be fundamental political truths, these daring spirits pushed their doctrines to almost practical extremities.

They were, no doubt, the product of the times, and had they lived in our serener age, when the full exercise of civil and religious freedom is absolutely and universally permitted within the pale of the constitution, they would, we think, forego the necessity of achieving by physical force what can be obtained now by slow and constitutional means.

In Trinity College Moore laid the foundations of secular learning, broad and deep, and stored his mind with all the beauties of classic lore, ancient and modern. Not only had Trinity College influenced the secular side of Moore's character, but it also left its impress upon his religious plane of thought. He had, when a boy, been in the habit of going frequently to confession to a Catholic clergyman named O'Halloran who belonged to Townsend Street Chapel, but after two years or so in Trinity he found the habit, as he himself expresses it, "both

painful and humiliating," and endeavoured to shake off this moral restraint. He ventured to tell his mother that he found going to confession irksome and that he should no longer attend to his religious duties in this direction. The mother remonstrated with him, but after a time she gradually acceded to his wish. Here, then, through (we may suppose, if we cannot affirm) the influence of the subtle teaching of Trinity, Moore ignored, if not totally and idly thrust aside, evidently without conscientious scruples, what all Catholics spiritually hold nearest and dearest to their salvation. But at this we need not be surprised, for so long as knowledge is divorced from religion so long shall religion give way to impiety, to free-thinking, aye, to Atheism itself.

CHAPTER III

AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

ALTHOUGH Moore's laxity in religious matters still continued, yet we are sometimes at a loss to reconcile his religious apathy to such beautifully expressed sentiments as those to be found in his preface to "The Sceptic," where his object manifestly is to show that hope and faith should operate more powerfully on man's religious nature than reliance on scientific reasoning and human experience. "If," says he in the preface alluded to, "a man with an ardent love of truth has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world where all is simple, true and everlasting." Such is Moore's inconsistency in religious matters; and the preaching without the practice may, we are charitable enough to believe, be due in some way to the idiosyncrasy of the poetical temperament which can bear no restraint even in its moral and religious fibre.

His religion might have suffered by his connexion with Trinity College training, but his patriotism appears to have caught a deeper, a purer and a holier light which continued on without diminution to his maturer years. His sympathies with the ghastly sufferings of his country were not fleeting, for, just before he left Trinity for the Middle Temple and after he had taken his degree, he gives expression to the sentiments he felt on the memorable events of that momentous year (1798), which still further found vivid expression in his country's

music. In his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" he records in an autobiographical way the feelings which he then entertained, and which in their patriotic ardour have not burned less brightly than they had thirty-four years before when they were awakened and nurtured inside the walls of "Old Trinity." This eloquent description of his own feelings and the description of his early friends and associates is so vivid and interesting that we offer no apologies in recording it here:

"Though then but a youth in college, and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the Government of that day left upon my mind is, I confess, at this moment far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of an historian in speaking of them. Not only had I myself from early childhood taken a passionate interest in that struggle which, however darkly it ended, began under the bright auspices of a Grattan, but among those young men whom, after my entrance into college, I looked up to with most admiration and regard, the same enthusiasm of national feeling prevailed. Some of them, too, at that time of terror and torture I am now speaking of, were found to have implicated themselves far more deeply in the popular league against power than I ever could have suspected, and these I was now doomed to see in their several ways victims—victims of that very ardour of patriotism which had been one of the sources of my affection for them, and in which, through almost every step but the last, my sympathies had gone along with them.

"One, considerably my senior, and *not* in this university, who, by his industry and taste in collecting old Irish airs and the true national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to nurse in me a strong feeling for our

country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile. Another, whose literary talents and mild manly character gave every promise of a bright if not splendid career, was, under the ban of a collegiate sentence which incapacitated him from all the learned professions, driven to a line of employment the least congenial to his tastes, where, through the remainder of a short, amiable life, his fine talents lay useless; while a third, young Emmet, but escaped with the same branding sentence to be reserved for that most sad but memorable doom to which despair, as well of himself as of his country, at last drove him.

"Of this latter friend, notwithstanding his own dying entreaty that the world would extend to him 'the charity of its silence,' I cannot deny myself the gratification of adding a few words, conscious that at least the *spirit* of his wish will not be violated in them. Were I to number indeed the men among all I ever have known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which, in him, was an hereditary as well as a national feeling, himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

"Simple in all his habits, and with a repose in look and manners indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched which set his feelings, and through them, his intellect, in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more pecu-

liarly striking than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating and Historical Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals indeed could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself *before* rising to speak and *after;* the brow that appeared inanimate and almost drooping at once elevated itself in all the consciousness of power, the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.

"Of his oratory, it must be recollected, I speak from youthful impressions, but I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or, what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence, purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last seriously the attention of the Fellows; and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence.

"Such in heart and mind was another of those devoted men who, with gifts that would have made them the ornaments and supports of a well-regulated community, were yet driven to live the lives of conspirators and die the death of traitors by a system of government which it would be difficult even to think of with patience, did we not gather a hope from the present aspect of the whole civilized world that such a system of bigotry and misrule can never exist again.

"With Lord Edward I could have no opportunity of forming any acquaintance, but remember, as if it had been but yesterday, having once seen

him, in the year 1797, in Grafton Street, when, on being told who he was as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eyelashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then think that, at an interval of four and thirty years from thence—an interval equal to the whole span of his life at that period—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but—what to many will appear matter rather of shame than of boast—with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause."

When at Whyte's Academy at Grafton Street, Moore made the acquaintance of Beresford Burston, the son of a then eminent barrister in Dublin and with whom he lived in the strictest intimacy all through his early school and college career. So deep was the connexion of their intimacy that Burston's father had in 1796 entered both their names at the Middle Temple. As Moore left college before his friend and intimate associate he was able to proceed to London to keep his terms much sooner than Burston was.

In the year 1799 Moore went to London to keep his terms at the Temple and to publish, if possible, his translation of "Anacreon." While in college he had done a good deal towards the translation of the odes with a view, perhaps, of gaining some reward from the college authorities, but on the manuscript having been submitted to Dr Kearney, one of the senior Fellows, he, though friendly, courteously hesitated to put before the board a translation, and

especially the English translation, of a writer so convivial as "Anacreon," and frankly advised the poet to complete the work and publish it. This Moore did while keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, and the work was dedicated with permission to the Prince of Wales. Although the translation attracted considerable attention and gained for Moore no small amount of fame, yet some of the critics at the time were of opinion that it was more of a paraphrase than a strict translation. It was while preparing this translation for the press that Moore published a small volume of poems under a fictitious name which created no small sensation at the time. The little book was so roughly handled by the *Edinburgh Review* that Moore came to the conclusion, and, perhaps, justly, that the critic exceeded the bounds of just and impartial criticism. The poet became so indignant that he there and then challenged the editor (Lord Jeffrey), and a meeting actually took place at Chalk Farm near London. The police hearing of the meeting interfered; and their interference, as it afterwards leaked out, was scarcely necessary. The pistols, when examined by the police, were found to be without bullets, and the circumstance led to a good deal of sportive badinage at the time. The knowledge of the harmless condition of the instruments was always denied by Moore, and he and Jeffrey were ever after the truest and best of friends, as the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of November 1817 from Jeffrey's pen, plainly and honourably shows:

"In an early number of this work we reproved Mr Moore, perhaps with unnecessary severity, for what appeared to us the licentiousness of some of his youthful productions. We think it a duty to say that he has long ago redeemed that error, and

that in all his later works that have come under our observation he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty and honour."

Nor did the circumstance of the duel and the badinage it occasioned end here. A new poetic star, in the person of Lord Byron, had arisen on the firmament of poetry whose fiery, burning and passionate denunciations of wrong had at once ranked the noble author as a poet of surpassing brilliancy of conception and execution. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," so familiar to every one having any pretence to literature, appeared from his pen, and the caustic and satirical way in which the author treated his subject caused no little uneasiness, not only to Jeffrey but to Moore, who was offended by the words "leadless pistol"* contained in the poem in allusion to his duel with Jeffrey.

Moore sought an apology from Byron for the words in question, with the result that their meeting in reference to the matter not only brought about an apology but a friendship which was life-long.

Like other great literary men who forsook law for literature, Moore found the legal profession arduous and distasteful; and although he spent a few years in the Middle Temple, he eventually gave up the study of the law, with all its cranks and quiddities, when, through the influence of his friend, Lord Moira, he obtained the position of registrar at the Admiralty Court of Bermuda.

Nor did Moore, with an eye to worldly affairs, forget the furtherance of the family interest. His father's business had for some time previously been

* Can now remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal, fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by.

gradually declining; and, through the influence again of this noble lord, the poet's father obtained the position of barrack-master at Dublin. A letter from this nobleman to Moore, under date June 21, 1806, in reference to the appointment in question, runs thus:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have completed the arrangements for your father's being fixed in the barrack-mastership of Dublin. Let me know his Christian name, that the warrant may be made out.

Faithfully yours,
MOIRA."

On one of the poet's return visits from London during vacation time to his dear old home in Dublin Moore made the acquaintance of Sir George Shee, who held some high official government position in the city. From all accounts they were very amiable people, given much to hospitality and other gaieties for which Dublin was then remarkable. Sir George's lady was a skilled musician, and otherwise highly accomplished. Moore's talents, which ran somewhat in the same direction, and whose reputation for music and song had become widely known, had received the honour of an invitation to dinner from Sir George. Here he met Lord Clare, the famous vice-chancellor of Trinity in 1797. There were no other parties at dinner except some of Sir George's own friends, and as Lord Clare must have known that Moore was to be one of the guests, the circumstances must have been trying to Moore on account of the great visitation scene at the college some short time before. The dinner passed off quietly, Moore exhibiting perhaps more shyness than brilliancy in the general conversation, notwithstanding the marked kindness shown towards him during the evening by His Lordship, who even

asked Moore to drink a glass of wine with him. Whatever may have been the amiability of Lord Clare in society, history but faintly records anything to his national, political and patriotic credit. No man can be so bad—especially in the political sense—but some degree of virtue may be found amongst the evil in his character; and even politically bad as Lord Clare's character may have been, he had also some political virtues peculiarly his own. True that he was one of the strongest men the Government had at the time of passing the Union, and apart from Lord Castlereagh he was a man not to be easily discouraged; and if he had—unlike Lords Castlereagh and Cornwallis—pushed the system of corruption to such extremities as means towards the accomplishment of a purpose, he, we think, had been guided more by convictions long formed that the Union would eventually benefit both countries. How far his convictions may or can be verified it would certainly be rash now to affirm. For his good offices in carrying the Union he, like others, was amply rewarded. He did not live long to enjoy the reward—the honour of a seat in the English House of Lords—where, by-the-by, he was ill at home and despised by its members. He died in 1802, apparently not much regretted.

CHAPTER IV

BERMUDA AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

ON September 25, 1803, Moore set sail in the *Phœton* frigate for his new appointment in Bermuda. On the 22nd he wrote to his mother from Portsmouth. "Just arrived," says he, "and, the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to England with pockets *more heavy* and spirits *not less light* than I now leave it with." Moore's letters to his mother from Bermuda, and in fact at all times, are most delightful reading, and some of them are couched in language of great beauty and tenderness. Growing tired of colonial life and its social dulness, he left his post in charge of a deputy (whose defalcations involved Moore in the loss of £6,000), and proceeded to America. He made a tour through the United States, and at a levée at President Jefferson's he made the acquaintance of the great man who drew up America's Declaration of Independence. When passing down the St Lawrence to Quebec on his return to England he composed the "Canadian Boat Song," so familiar to us all. It is said that he wrote the song on a fly leaf of Priestly's lectures, and that the book had been given to a friend named Harkness when it again passed into the hands of a Miss Maconochy of Edenmore, near Dublin, who got the affair authenticated by the poet himself in 1835. Moore's tour in America also included a visit to the Niagara Falls, and the word painting in which

he describes these natural wonders is for sublimity of language and conception and high devotional sentiments unequalled and cannot be excelled.

In a letter to his mother dated Niagara, July 24, 1804, he says: "I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by describing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. 'Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the Rapids, which gave us a pre-libation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpses of them which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene, but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing—imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes, and I remained for moments after we had lost sight of the scene in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder, and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist

here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

The poet's poetical descriptions of Bermuda and its isles are said by those who can speak with some authority on the subject to be wondrously accurate, such as "A Scene in Bermuda" and "The Song of the Indian Spirit." With the American edition of his poems were published the following beautiful stanzas:

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping as mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remembered their power
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of the days when, to pleasure alone,
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away.

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back that gem I borrow'd from him.

The thought was ecstatic. I felt as if heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chastened and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I looked to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more.
"Oh, thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."

From Quebec Moore returned to England, and landed at Plymouth in the early part of November, 1804. His letter to his mother, dated November 12, describes the joyous feelings he experienced in being so near home once more:

"I almost cry with joy, my darling mother, to be able to write to you once more on English ground. After a passage of eight-and-twenty days, here I am, without a blemish either in heart or body, and within a few hundred miles (instead of thousands) of those that are dearest to me. O dear! to think that in ten days hence I may see a letter from home, written but a day or two before, warm from your hands and with your very breath almost upon it, instead of lingering out months after months without a gleam of intelligence, without anything but dreams."

Moore returned to England from Bermuda in November, 1804, and commenced to cultivate the society of the noble and the great, which was to him apparently the manna of his existence. In 1800, through the medium of one of his earliest friends—Joe Atkinson, secretary of the Ordnance Board—Moore first made the acquaintance of Lord Moira, who was to play such an important part in the early years of the poet's life. The introduction of Moore to Lord Moira was followed by an invitation to Donington Park, the residence of that distinguished nobleman. Moore thus describes his visit and the [illegible]im at the time:

"This visit," says the poet, "was of course at that time a great event in my life, and among the most vivid of my English recollections is that of the first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself to my bed-room; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long, lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed candle which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home and at my ease I should one day find myself in that great house."

His reception evidently in "that great house" was warm and polite, and Lady Charlotte's attentions to the poet were kind and flattering; and she even had expressed a regret that the bard had not been there—though she wrote to her mother to hurry him up—to meet the Prince of Wales during his stay, who had just left, and who expressed a desire to meet the poet. Moore had not, however, long to wait to make the acquaintance of His Royal Highness; for after succeeding in getting his name as a subscriber and the prince's permission to dedicate his "Anacreon" to him, we find also in a letter to his mother, dated August, 1800, that he had obtained the introduction so anxiously wished for by Lady Charlotte.

Moore must have been very much flattered by the introduction, for he speaks of the prince in the warmest manner. "I was yesterday," says he in the letter to his mother referred to above, "introduced to His Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him he said he was very happy to know *a man of my abilities;* and when I thanked him for the honour he did

me in permitting the dedication of "Anacreon," he stopped me and said the honour was *entirely* his in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of so much merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society;* that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not this all very fine?"

We mention these facts of Moore's introduction both to the prince and Lord Moira as bearing directly upon Moore's future welfare, and how their society and the society of the great and the powerful was so warmly and assiduously cultivated by Moore during his life-time. While not in any way slavish or sycophantic in his social intercourse with the great, he had always cultivated a great desire to please. His manners were characterized by a winning sweetness which made his society an attractive object and much sought after by the opposite sex. His great sensitiveness on points of honour was most marked; and the firmness and dignity with which he maintained his opinions on different topics of discourse were quite in keeping with that exhilarating politeness which was always a distinguishing trait in his character. As an instance of that innate dignity of character which, like the poet, is "born, not made," we may be excused for giving here the famous *rencontre* with the Prince of Wales, who, having invited the poet to dine with him, was so delighted with his guest that after dinner the conversation became so familiar that the major portion of the prince's remarks were directed exclusively to the bard. Exhibiting great concern and interest in everything that concerned his visitor, the princely host became anxious to know which of the ancient and historic houses the poet was allied with or descended from. The prince

continued his questionings, being somewhat assured, or rather being so prepossessed by his guest, that he conjectured that his poet visitor must have some "gentle blood" in his veins from the easy and dignified deportment with which he carried himself. The poet replied frequently in the negative to the many queries of His Royal Highness, who, perhaps being less polite than was usually his custom, *must* in the end have our poet a son of a certain "Mr Moore, a man of fortune, influence and high birth, of ——;" but he was at last compelled to adroitly put an end to the persistent inquiries of his royal host, and with great tact, admirable, even magnanimous frankness, replied: "No sir, I have not the honour of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named. I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest tradesmen in Dublin."

With this rebuke the royal questionings were checked, but the occasion calling them forth must have made the prince admire the great natural nobility as well as the talents of his guest, to which no birth, however noble or exalted, could add one more ray of brightness.

In 1808 and 1809 Moore published three satirical poems, two in connexion with politics and the third on the school-men. The poet does not appear to have been very successful in this mode of composition, and though the Whigs may have smarted under the satirical strokes of his pen, yet, taken on the whole, his satires were of a nature not to be of permanent value either politically or historically. Even the author himself knew his own limitations in this respect. "To that kind of satire," says he, "which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims and scandals of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving

salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations as well as those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods with a lash still fresh from the back of the bigot and the oppressor under whatever new shape they present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality, but I feel quite certain that *without* it not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would ensure to those trifles a life much beyond the present hour. Already to many of them that sort of relish—by far the least worthy source of their success—which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies has become, in the course of time, wanting. But as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried—and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years—their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost as yet but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim in the satire itself, but to the sameness throughout that period of all its original objects; the unchangeable nature of that spirit of monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious and political, these satires had been first provoked."

During the years 1807 to 1811 no serious elaborate compositions of any kind appear to have come from the poet's pen, that is, if we except his odes and his epistles. Much of his time in these years seems to have been taken up with epistolary correspondence; and although he now and again gave to the world some of those immortal Melodies yet

he appears not to have made literature an abiding pursuit or taken it up as an abiding or permanent profession. Reading over his correspondence, and especially that with Lord Moira, his mother, Lady Donegal and Mary Godfrey, where all the frankness and exuberance and hopes of his sunny nature were exhibited, we do not hesitate to assert that the poet was under the impression that Lord Moira should, in time, procure him some of the public offices in the home government which that nobleman's interest and influence were well calculated to obtain; and Moore, we think, played the part of a wily diplomat in endeavouring to be on terms of easy friendship and conciliatory terms with the lord of Donington Park. Even poets with the independence born of the consciousness of great mental gifts are, as well as their less gifted brethren, sometimes subject to the influences which diplomatically govern human affairs; and Moore, above all other poets of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century, kept diplomacy strictly in view when it bore immediately upon the welfare of life's futurity. In a letter from Lord Moira, dated April 9, 1807, to the poet we have the kernel of how far Moore sought that nobleman's aid in advancing his interest; and the letter is even also useful as throwing a light of how far political jobbery was carried for advancing the interests of the supporters of the party who happened to be in power. Thus that nobleman writes:

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will have been well aware of all the occupation which has attended our expulsion from office; therefore, I think, you will have ascribed my silence to that cause, and not have charged me with inattention. Had you been here on the spot, your pen might have been exercised with great effect in displaying the importance of the

constitutional question which we have been defending. The matter, however, will now be at an end before any publication could appear; and in the vehemence of contest all real consideration of the point at issue will be lost. Most sincerely do I lament that I had not the means of obtaining some fit situation for you before we were turned out, perhaps your prospects are not worse now than they were; for my own patronage afforded nothing of a kind to suit you, and my colleagues had too many objects of their own to fulfil.

I have the honour, dear sir, to be

Your very obedient servant,

MOIRA."

Through the medium of Mr Edmund Bunting's work, published in the year 1797, Moore had first been made acquainted with the great beauties of native music, and forthwith endeavoured to associate proper poetical adaptations to the old native minstrelsy. It is supposed that the poet commenced the "Irish Melodies" in 1807, and strange to say the first Melody written was on his college friend, poor Emmet, who some years before was found guilty of treason and hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin. The second was written on Miss Curran, the daughter of that great patriot, John Philpot Curran, between whom and Emmet there existed an affection deep and enduring. In fact so deep and so ardent was his affection for this lady that although he could have escaped from Ireland after the disastrous defeat of his cause, yet he could not bear to tear himself away without having one more look on her whom he so deeply loved. He stole from his retreat near Wicklow to the neighbourhood of Dublin to say his last good-bye to her, when, alas, he fell into the hands of his enemies.

She to whom Emmet was dear, dearer even

han life itself, became so much affected by his apture that the world to her became from that ime forward a world of unbroken, melancholy bsorption. She lived on for some years after- ards, listless, perhaps happy—who can say? Ve here give the two companion melodies re- erred to above.

Oh! Breathe not his Name

Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

She is Far from the Land

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing!
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking!
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died:
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lovèd island of sorrow.

CHAPTER V

HIS MARRIAGE

THE Melodies as they appeared created a great sensation. Lord Byron, upon reading some of the "Irish Melodies," then recently published, wrote: "To me some of Moore's last Erin sparks, 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh! blame not' and 'Oh! breathe not his name,' are worth all the epics that ever were composed." The last Melody appeared about 1834. Their connexion with the national music and the history of the country made them exercise a powerful influence on the politics of the time. Whether as lyrics of the highest order, as gems of the highest poetical taste or as vehicles to convey the national sympathies to a people so long distracted by national woe and religious intolerance, they must ever command the admiration even of the most fastidious critic or intolerant bigot. In a letter to the Marchioness of Donegal prefixed to the third number of the Melodies, Moore speaks of the connexion of the national music with the history of the country in a most eloquent and impressive way:

"It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the langour of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively

temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs that lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there with a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose marching to the aid of the royal cause—notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers—and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of the present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated; and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine expectation of the honours which await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II, that memorable exclamation: 'Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects!'"

In the drawing-rooms of the great, where the songs were sung, Moore was always a welcomed guest; and more particularly so was he the cynosure of every eye when he played and sang those airs, those songs of sorrow so suggestive of his country's sufferings and his country's woes. The pensive, melancholy nature of the music wedded to verse no less melancholy, made a sad and deep impression upon the hearts of the listeners

and brought tears to many an eye. A new medium had been found to convey to the poet's countrymen, no less than to the world at large, through the language of song, the expression of national woe and national suffering. The critics were lost in praise of these wonderful productions, and the following extract taken from the *Edinburgh Review* pays a tribute to Moore's poetic powers in a strain of unqualified excellence.

"The fame of Thomas Moore is interwoven with the misfortunes of his country. However multiform his accomplishments and varied the paths by which he had risen to his elevated reputation, that portion of his celebrity is not the least precious and enduring, which is derived from 'The Melodies,' where music, adapted beyond all other to the expression of national woe, was wedded to verse of an incomparable sweetness. The beautiful airs, which are supposed to have been produced by grief and possess so admirable an aptitude for the language of lamentation, were turned by Mr Moore to a noble account. He made them the vehicles of those delightful effusions in which the most graceful diction, the most harmonious versification, and the most brilliant fancy were employed to charm the ear and to touch the heart with the calamities of Ireland. A new sort of advocacy was instituted in her cause, and in the midst of gilded drawing-rooms and the throng of illuminated saloons there arose a song of sorrow, which breathed an influence as pure and as enchanting as the voice that ravished the senses of Comus with its simple and pathetic melody. The character and tendency of Mr Moore's powers we, in common with many others, misconstrued at the outset. His mode of life and habits of mind and thinking, ever involving him actively in the vortex of the existing world and in the controversies as well as gaieties of the

ay, have made many unwilling to recognize his eal position in the rank of poets, from hostility r prejudice, and many more from real inability ɔ conceive the power of genius, to live on the gitated surface of society, as well as on the most ranquil which ever was haunted by the Muses. Ie whom many pronounced at first too trifling to ucceed and then too successful in his own day to bide the test of another, but whose position in the rilliant band of poets of his age—now so rapidly anishing from us one by one, and unreplaced—is lready fixed beyond the power of criticism or of ime, is unrivalled in one exquisite department of is art, delightful in many."

Moore's Melodies have been translated into everal continental languages, and we understand hey have been translated into Irish by the late)r MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. Well might .uttrell have expressed the fact when he wrote:

> I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
> (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
> By moonlight in the Persian tongue
> Along the streets of Ispahan.

We are now approaching, perhaps, the most mportant epoch in the life of the poet—that of his narriage. On March 25, 1811, at St Martin's Church in London, Moore was married to Miss Elizabeth Dykes, playfully known in all his letters .s "Bessy." Miss Dykes, who had intended to earn ıer livelihood by the stage, was portionless; she vas a woman whose excellence of moral character,)ersistent and persevering economy and com-)lete self-denial made her a better partner for the)oet than women of less devotion, more self ınd more dowried. She was also possessed of ·are good sense, tact—that quality which gets so nuch out of the world—and was, moreover, highly

accomplished. The readiness with which she sacrificed her own enjoyments, her fondness as a wife and as a mother for home life, the affectionate ties that bound her to the watchful pursuit of her domestic duties so that the husband whom she idolized might, even with the reputation already his, be still more widely known and admired, were of priceless value to his happiness. Indeed he might well exclaim with his great countryman, Burke, that "every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof."

For some time the poet's marriage was kept a secret from his parents, thinking, as he did, that a love match, or rather an unworldly marriage in the common acceptation of the word, might give offence or displeasure to those who always expected that their son, in the world's phraseology, should marry well. In a letter to his mother, dated May, 1811, he mentions the fact of his marriage, not definitely, but in a somewhat insinuated, apologetic manner.

"It was but two days ago," says he, "I got my dear father's letter about the letting of the house. If I thought, for an instant, that this resolution arose in any degree from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and, indeed, am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be *quite* sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you, and that, while my readiness to do everything towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God, much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon."

Moore now made London his home, and set earnestly about his literary work. It was about this time that he ventured into the domain of

dramatic literature, and gave to the world his "M.P. or the Blue Stocking." This drama met with little success, and was doomed from the first to be a dismal failure. Moore's talents did not lie in the direction of dramatic literature, although he had imaginative creative faculties of a high order and was besides practically acquainted with the drama, he having been at one time one of the best actors the private theatre in Kilkenny could boast of. In a letter to Miss Godfrey, dated September 11, 1811, Moore speaks of the drama in question and to the little success which attended its production on the stage. "I have," says he, "therefore, made a final resolution never to let another line of mine be spoken on the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it." So ends Moore's adventures in dramatic literature.

In the following year a daughter was born to the poet, whose arrival brought joy and sunshine to the Moore household. Moore's life in London was a social success. What with dining at Holland House to-day and Lord Moira's on the morrow he was continually mixed up with the social festivities of London life, and had little, if any, time to concentrate his energies upon any literary work of serious importance. Not only in those gilded palaces were social events carried out with lavish splendour and hospitality, but at the salons of these noblemen politics, the very essence and the very ambition of life itself, were discussed with great vigour and zest, so much so that even the fate of ministries was often decided, and sometimes made known, at these political trysting-places hours before the ministry fell or the result was known in the House of Commons.

It was about this time that Lord Moira, Moore's patron and friend, was appointed governor-general of India. What this appointment meant to Moore

can best be inferred from Moore's letter to Miss Godfrey on the matter:

"You seem to think, both Lady Donegal and you, that the late events are likely to depress my spirits; and I am not sorry that you *did* think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lasting; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to me all my life, and the only thing I repent is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance."

The social life of London had for some time been pressing so much upon the time, patience and pocket of Moore that even amid all its attractions the poet often yearned for rural quietness. The blasted, unrealized expectations of patronage from Lord Moira by his appointment to India left Moore, too, so little hope that the bard now determined to seek solace in a country life, where the exercise of his brain might be of more financial service to him than reliance on the promises or blandishments of political party. It was ever thus; and Moore ought to have been political philosopher enough to know that he who builds his airy castle upon hope, and especially political hope, must be often disappointed.

With the exclusion of Lord Moira from the House of Lords for the time being by his appointment to the governor-generalship of India, the Catholic cause most materially suffered. This nobleman's efforts for the furtherance and redress

of the claims of the Catholics for equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen had always been of the most marked character; and in order to annul the power and influence which he exercised in the House of Lords a most convenient post for him had been found in far-off India, where his voice might be stilled and his authority rendered nugatory as far as influence with the home government was concerned. The prince regent professed to him, as well as to Lord Kenmare, his willingness to lend his aid in support of the advancement of Catholic interests. Both noblemen however, it appears, had been duped by His Royal Highness, who had now full and uncontrolled power, but who, when the time had come, made it convenient to forget his professions and promises in favour of the Catholic cause, and even had gone so far as to strenuously oppose all efforts for Catholic emancipation. He broke his pledges, he broke his promises, and surrounded himself with advisers intensely hostile to Catholic interests. Such, indeed, were the political backslidings of the time that conscience and honour rarely played a part in the politics of the day. And in justice to Moore, even though he himself suffered in placing too much dependence upon that phantom known as political patronage, the very last letter he wrote to Lord Moira was not about his own disappointment but about the severe blow the Catholic cause had sustained.

"Though I read the fate," says the poet, "of Ireland in your government being withheld from her, and though I think her last, last hope is now leaving her, yet I cannot but congratulate Your Lordship on being removed to so honourable an appointment, far away from the contemplation of evils which you are not suffered to remedy or even alleviate."

Lord Moira's answer to the poet's letter was what might be expected. The slightest reference was not even made in the letter to the downfall of Moore's expectations, nor was any hope held out to the poet as to any future assistance being forthcoming. His Lordship's letter was merely an explanation of why he had taken the Indian appointment, coupled with the utter hopelessness which he foresaw for redress of Catholic claims.

His Lordship's letter runs as follows: "The inference you drew from my acceptance of the appointment to India was too just. The Catholic claims—I write confidentially—if they cannot be overborne are to be baffled. I can take no part in such a system; and it is to me desirable to be out of the way when the unavoidable consequences of such a policy shall break forth. I could not support the prince against my principles and my feelings. It would be the extreme of distress for me to go into the ranks hostile to him; and I could not hope that I should be suffered to remain in any retreat. It is better I should escape these difficulties. I have undertaken my task as a military engagement: the functions of governor-general being, in truth, expletive to the other. No negotiation upon it passed between me and the ministers; and it is only within a week that I have had the formal visits of those whose offices give them interference with the business. I told them that if the Catholic question came forward before my departure—as would probably be the case—it would have the most energetic support I could give it; to which they answered it was only what they took for granted. . . . "

After the poet had received this letter he had an interview with His Lordship, who expressed a willingness to serve him, or, at least, to ask an appointment for him through the ministers who should be as anxious to do something for his friends at home

as he should be to do something for theirs in India. To this suggestion Moore replied with a characteristic frankness, independence and even nobility of spirit.

"From Your Lordship's hands," quoth Moore, "I should always be most willing to accept anything, and that perhaps it might yet be in your power to serve me; but hope you will not take the trouble of applying for me to the patronage of ministers, as I would rather struggle on as I was than take anything that would have an effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present." Such was Moore's independence of spirit that even when he made this reply he was in what might be called absolute want.* "Here the matter rests," continued Moore in a letter to Lady Donegal, "and here is the end of my long-cherished hopes from the Earl of Moira, K.G."

* Within a few days of giving this answer he was obliged to write to Mr Power, the publisher of his music, for an advance of three or four pounds, as he had not sixpence in his house *(Lord John Russell's preface to Moore's Journal and Correspondence).*

CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT MAYFIELD COTTAGE

WE have already said in the previous chapter that Moore, owing to the numberless calls that were frequently made upon his time, his domestic repose, his patience, even his pocket, contemplated seeking retirement in a country life, where he could, without serious interruption, pursue his literary labours and abandon for a time the social life of London. About the latter end of 1812 he went to Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne; and as he had already conceived the idea of writing an oriental poem, a species of work greatly in request at the time, now that Lord Byron caught the popular taste by his "Giaour" and his "Corsair"—the latter, by the way, had been dedicated to Moore—the poet set to work on "Lalla Rookh." The production of such a work as this entailed a wide and miscellaneous amount of reading on eastern subjects, and Moore had to set himself to the task with energy and zeal. He read all species of oriental literature, and knew eastern life in all its details. In the retirement of his country home he commenced the task, though he made but little progress. Story after story was written and thrown aside. Moore was not satisfied with his work, and well knew that, unless the feelings and emotions were awakened, true poetry was out of the question. At last, in almost the frenzy of despair, the idea struck him of founding a story on the struggle for religious freedom, so nobly and so long kept up

by the Ghebers of Persia. This was the pivot on which the creation of "Lalla Rookh" was centred, and with that boundless fancy and gorgeous wealth of imagery and inimitable creation the story of his own country in the long struggle for religious freedom found vent again in song under the assumed eastern tale of "Lalla Rookh." "The cause of tolerance was," he writes, "again my inspiriting theme, and the spirit which had spoken in the 'Melodies of Ireland' soon found itself a home in the east."

The poem is composed of four stories—that perhaps of the "Fire Worshippers" is the finest in diction and the noblest in sentiment. The "Paradise and the Peri" is the most popular, the most perfect, and the poetry the most musical; and the moral which it is intended to convey—the sorrow of repentance, God's acceptable gift—is solemn, impressively solemn, and pathetic. Of the other two parts—"The Light of the Harem" and the "Veiled Prophet"—the former is the better liked by the general class of readers for its airy sweetness and melody. If the work may not rank as a great epic poem, it is unrivalled in any language for tenderness, inexhaustible fancy and the most delicate and exquisite execution. Here you have the charm of versification, the musical cadences falling low and sweet upon the ear, until they almost lull one into the repose of eternal serenity; here you have the strains of patriotic love awakened by the impulses of patriotic ardour; here the tenderness of woman's affection, deep, even deep beyond the depths of our most sublime conceptions; here the fanaticism, fierce, wild and even heroic, which, outside the "Land of the Sun," has no home, no resting-place in western civilization; in a word, the feast is so luxuriously sweet, and the flowers of fancy that dazzle us with their iridescent colours

and their sweet fragrance so overpowers our senses with all the perfume and sweetness of the "Gardens of Gul" in their bloom, that a scene of enchantment envelops us from which we never wish to be recalled.

The following lines taken from the production in question may give the reader an idea of Moore's powers of poetical execution and exquisite imagery:

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That power and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

The poem appeared in May, 1817, but was sold some years previously to the Messrs Longman for £3,000. In a letter to Rogers the poet speaks of the sale of the work and the poem itself in the following terms: "I *have* sold my *poem* for £3,000. There will, of course, be a revision of the contract, and perhaps a retractation when I disclose the real nature of the work; but I have gained at least the tribute to my reputation, and I do not much fear any *considerable* diminution of the sum when they find the same quantum of poetry they have bargained for (5,000 lines) but divided into tales of one continued poem. Pray keep my secret about it with your accustomed fidelity. Your calling it

'my tales' in your letter quite startled me, and I felt as if the whole thing were known; for I never could call it anything but my poem."

Some time in March, 1817, he determined on leaving Mayfield Cottage for a place he had taken at Hornsey, within six miles of London. In this year, through the efforts of Lord Mulgrave, his father was retired from his post in Dublin on half-pay; or in fact, to be more correct, retired previously, but without the half-pay, which appeared to some like dismission. The noble lord, in a letter to Moore on the subject, puts the matter of dismission altogether out of the question. "I can find nothing," says he, "in Mr Moore's conduct to prevent his receiving the retirement allowance of half-pay, which I have accordingly directed."

In London the same round of social festivities was again kept up. Visiting at Holland House one day, and paying a round of return calls at Lady Besborough's, Lady Hastings', etc., the next, Moore's time seems to have been pretty well monopolized. His great poem, "Lalla Rookh," had now reached its second edition, and he had, therefore, little to fear of its ultimate success. The reviewers were loud in their praise, and although those which he feared most—the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*—had not yet spoken, yet *he* had no doubt that their verdict and criticisms would be guided by the merits of the work and not founded on, or moved by, rancour or malignity. In November, 1817, when the criticism of the *Edinburgh Review* did appear, it more than realized Moore's expectations:

"There is a great deal of our recent poetry derived from the east, but this is the finest orientalism we have had yet. The land of the sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the north, nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her

gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendour, the breaking odours of the east seem at least to have found a kindred poet in the "Green Isle of the West."

In the year 1815, Olivia, one of his children, died, and in this year (1817) Barbara, the eldest, passed away. Writing to his mother of this last event the poor poet's heart seems to have been completely lacerated:

"It is all over, my dearest mother; our Barbara is gone. She died the day before yesterday, and, though her death was easy, it was a dreadful scene to us both. I can bear such things myself pretty well, but to see and listen to poor Bessy makes me as bad as she."

Scarcely settled in his Hornsey home, and although it was difficult for him to tear himself away from the London society he loved so well, yet living in London did not suit his health so well as living in the country. The affair of Barbara's death too had unconsciously settled upon him more than he was really aware of; and in order to try the effect of change of air he availed himself of an offer of one of three houses which Lord Lansdowne had brought under his notice. It was a furnished thatched cottage at £40 a year rent; and, what was more important to Moore, it was situated in the neighbourhood of Bowood, the residence of Lord Lansdowne. Moore at once closed with the offer, and went there to live in the November of 1817.

In a letter to his mother stating his intention of accepting the earl's offer of the house, he speaks of it thus: "It would certainly be an object to be near such a man; his library, his society, all would be of use to me, not to mention the probability of his being some day or other able to do me more important services."

Moore, in all his relations of life, and especially
ı his relations and intercourse with the great, dis-
layed a diplomacy for the furtherance of personal
ıterests, in the present as well as in the future,
'hich even with all its treasured traditions the
Corps Diplomatique" might envy.

CHAPTER VII

LIFE AT SLOPERTON

ONCE settled at Sloperton, and far away from the blandishments and fascinations of social distractions, Moore set about his literary pursuits in grim and real earnest. "The Fudge Family in Paris" now appeared; and from what we can gather from his own letters at the time, the work must have created quite a sensation. Going through five editions in less than a fortnight, and bringing to the poet, as his share of the spoils, no less than £350, no wonder that the sensation was real. Very few months' residence had passed at Sloperton when Moore's brighter prospects were suddenly darkened by the news that his deputy at Bermuda had not only appropriated a major portion of the receipts of the office but made free with the proceeds of the sale of a ship and cargo deposited in his hands. Moore, who was responsible for the official acts of his servant, was called upon by a monition from Doctors' Commons to make good the deficiencies and defaults of his deputy. These were altogether about £6,000; and as the poet was not able to meet such a demand, imprisonment seemed likely to await him. Lord John Russell proffered his good offices; and so did Lord Tavistock. Their services were courteously declined by Moore, who with great independence of mind resolved to work out his own salvation. Although the Bermuda affair compelled him to pass three years of his life in a foreign country, yet after a time he met his

obligations in an honourable way, without accepting the assistance of his friends. This self-reliance was honourable to himself, and made his titled friends and patrons feel the more the true nobility of his character.

About May, in the year 1818, Moore arrived in Dublin on a visit to his parents. His countrymen took advantage of the opportunity, and entertained him at a public dinner, on June 8, at Morrison's Hotel. A committee had been formed some time previously to carry out the object in question, with the result that the gathering on the 8th was representative of the best and brightest of Irish society. Lord Charlemont presided, and with his graceful and dignified manner and eloquence did much to make the meeting a social as well as an intellectual success. The rare mental gifts of O'Connell, Shiel, Maturin, Phillips and Burrowes made the occasion one to be remembered. Curran had died some short time before; but the son—William Henry—in replying to the toast of his father's memory, left nothing to be desired. His speech was a model of profound and pathetic eloquence.

Lord Charlemont, in proposing the health of Moore, spoke as follows: "I have been long in habits of intimacy with the subject of our present enthusiasm. I have watched his private and public life, and I have traced his progress in both with equal admiration. I have perused the effusions of his muse with delight, and I have studied the production of his pen with profit. His character may be expressed in three words: patriotism, independence, consistency," etc.

When the enthusiasm which this toast had called forth had lessened, Moore replied:

"I feel this the very proudest moment of my life. To receive such a tribute from an assembly like this around me, composed of some of the warm-

est and manliest hearts that Ireland can boast, is, indeed, a triumph that goes deeply to my heart, and awakens there all that an Irishman *ought* to feel, whom Irishmen like you have selected for such a distinction. Were my merits a hundred times beyond what the partiality of the noble chairman has invested me with, this moment, this golden moment of my life, would overpay them all. There are some among you, gentlemen, whose friendship has been the strength and ornament—the *præsidium et dulce decus* of my existence; who, however they differ from my public sentiments, have never allowed that transient ruffle on the surface to impede the progress of the deep tide of friendship beneath; men who feel that there is something more sacred than party and whose noble natures in the worst of times would come out of the conflict of public opinion like pebbles out of the ocean, but more smooth and more polished from all asperities by the very agitation in which they had been revolving. To see them beside me on a day like this is a pleasure that lies too deep for words. To the majority of you, gentlemen, I am unknown, but as your countryman, as one who has ventured to touch the chords of Ireland's harp and whose best fame is made out of the echoes of their sweetness; as one whose humble talents have ever been devoted—and with the blessing of God *shall* ever be devoted—to the honour and advancement of his country's name; whose love for that country even they who contemn his manner of showing it will, at least, allow to be sincere, and perhaps forgive its intemperance for its truth, setting him down as 'one who loved not wisely, but too well.' To most of you, gentlemen, I say I am but thus known. We have hitherto been strangers to each other, but may I not flatter myself that from this night a new era of communion begins between us? The givers

and receivers of a tribute like this are linked by no common ties of sympathy. A moment like this is the very hot-bed of the heart, forcing at once all its feelings into a fulness of fruit which it would take years of ordinary ripening to produce; and there is not a man of you who have pledged to me the cup of fellowship this night whom I would not claim the privilege of grasping by the hand, with all the cordiality of a long and well-cemented friendship. I could not say more if I were to speak for ages. With a heart as full as this glass I thank you for your kindness to me, and have the sincere gratification of drinking all your healths."

The applause which followed was deafening, and after it had subsided the next toast, "The Marquises of Hastings and Lansdowne, the friends of Mr Moore," was proposed by the chairman, who said that they had many claims upon the respect and admiration of such an assembly as the present, but the manner in which they had illustrated their high characters by their early and effective friendship for Mr Moore was deserving of their special applause.

Moore, in response, said: "I rise to propose to you a toast which, but for the gratification of my own feelings, it would be unnecessary for me to preface by a single word. There are propositions we know called axioms, whose undoubtable truth forces itself at once, like daylight, upon the mind; and of the same clear and irresistible nature are the claims of the noble person I am about to name upon the respect, the admiration and gratitude of us all. To limit my eulogy to his conduct on the present occasion, to the liberal tact with which he has distinguished between the politician and the poet and prevented the humble claims of your minstrel from being frustrated by the prejudice of party on either side; the spirit, in short, with which he has

anticipated the verdict of after times, when whatever pure gold the poet may have possessed is separated from the dross of the times in which he lived; when all distinctions but those of genius die away, and the thunder-drops that fall in the heated atmosphere of politics have rolled away from the plumage of the Aonian swan without staining or even wetting a feather over which they have passed —these manifestations of this truly noble person's character, though duly appreciated by *you* and though by me most deeply felt, would but narrowly do justice to the great range of his claims upon our affection. I should paint him, and I would attempt the portrait if he were not himself present, as a nobleman whose manly modesty does not prevent him from feeling the value of his presence in his native land and who prefers to all luxuries of other countries that most glorious one of being useful in his own. I would describe him to you as the inheritor, not only of his father's public spirit but of all those elegant tastes which embellished his private life, mingling the names of sage and scholar with that of patriot. I would paint him as the happy husband and father in his own home—his *Irish* home—surrounded by beauties both living and inanimate such as none but our own island of loveliness ever paralleled. All this I would attempt if I were not checked by the presence of the noble person himself. But your knowledge of the man will supply every deficiency in my portrait of him when I name to you, as I do with heartfelt pleasure, the Earl of Charlemont."

The toast was received with rounds of enthusiastic applause. When silence had been restored the noble lord, after speaking to the toast, concluded by proposing "The dramatic talent of Ireland and Mr Maturin and Mr Shiel." After some minutes had elapsed Mr Shiel amidst great silence said—

"My lord, you have conferred upon me a very great and very unmerited distinction, by associating me with the dramatic literature of a country which has produced a Congreve, a Farquhar, a Southern, a Sheridan and the distinguished gentleman with whose name you have done me the honour of connecting mine. I shall say little of my gratitude because every person here must know that I am most deeply thankful, and I shall not speak of a deficiency in desert because I would avoid that refinement in vain-glory which, with the overweening egotism of an ostentatious, and, I might call it, *episcopal* humility, deprecates the distinction for which it thirsts; on the contrary, I will venture to lay claim to one merit, that of having endeavoured to act upon the emotions by appealing to the honourable principles of our nature. In one instance I have depicted the sufferings of the victims of a piratical depredation, to whose cries a deaf ear has been so long turned by the men who, while they affect to be the proprietors, forget that they ought to be the protectors of mankind. In another I have spoken that indignant abhorrence with which every professor of my religion contemplates that intolerance which is so injuriously laid to its charge, and I have endeavoured to call out from the public mind that expression of contemptuous execration with which we all survey the illustrious idiot who has blasted Spain with his rule. This is the only merit which I can claim, and for this I have received upon this night a better reward than the applause of a whole theatre of others. You have given me a leaf from the garland with which you have encircled the brows of the first poet of our country, and I wear it with the same exultation with which the soldier wears the small badge of his distinction in following at a distance the triumphal car of an illustrious chief.

This is, indeed, a triumph. Petrarch and Lasso were crowned in the Capitol, but the lover of Laura and the author of "Jerusalem delivered" could not have felt more exulting emotions upon the Capitol than the author of "Lalla Rookh" experiences at this moment. Ireland has produced the first captain and best poet of the age, but if Wellington himself were to return to his native island he would not be received with half this honest homage of heart. We are proud of Wellington, but we are fond of Moore. Goldsmith was the only great poet Ireland had produced. Moore has equalled him in simplicity, and far surpassed him in imagination. In Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of the evening, which, through those glimmering windows, we see closing one of the brightest and proudest days our country has ever witnessed; but in Moore with the pensiveness of the evening we behold its illumination. His thoughts, if I may employ so fanciful an illustration, are like those beautiful little birds which Campbell describes gleaming in transatlantic sunset; or, like those birds to use the poet's comparison, they seem atoms of the rainbow. Voltaire has observed that Rousseau was the only great musician who had been a great writer. Mr Moore has deprived him of the singleness of that praise. To him we are indebted not only for his own delicious music, but for the immortal poetry to which he has wedded the melodies of Ireland. With the magic of Prospero he has given a more substantial, but still celestial form, to the spirits of sound, and he has clothed with the fine texture of his beautiful phraseology the ariels of his own island, which his imagination has converted into a region of enchantment. In the fervour with which we are kindled by his poetry, we are tempted to believe in the migration of souls and to fancy that the bard of Teos after

having been rapt in Elysium had returned to earth without having drunk of Lethe, unless that sometimes we perceive the softer genius of Anacreon yielding to the loftier aspirations of Alcesis, and hear the soundings of that lyre which roused the Greeks to the remembrance of their wrongs and made tyrants tremble on their thrones. But I must forbear. I will not violate the compact into which we have entered, that the celebration of literary glory shall not be profaned by a reference to any ruder topics. Every political animosity should here subside, and if a scribbler of tragedies may use an allusion to the first tragedian of Greece, let the furies be lulled to sleep in the temple of Apollo."

Mr Maturin expressed his obligations briefly.

Perhaps of all the most interesting toasts in the interesting ceremony of the evening was the toast of the elder Mr Moore which Lord Charlemont proposed with flowing bumper.

Moore, after the applause which greeted the toast had subsided, said:

"My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, I am deputed by my father to thank you, and must say that I feel this kindness even more than that which was conferred directly upon myself. We have read of a dumb youth of ancient times, to whom the sight of a sword uplifted over his father's head gave the power of utterance, and he spoke and saved him. What fear effected in that instance, gratitude would, I feel, produce in the present; and though I had been dumb all my life, words would, I think, have burst forth to thank you. In the name of that venerated father and myself, I offer you gentlemen, my most deeply felt acknowledgments; and allow me to add that on this day of cordial recollections there is no one who deserves to be remembered more ardently than he; as if I deserve (which I

cannot persuade myself) one half the honours which you have this day heaped upon me, to him and the education which he struggled hard to give me I owe it all: yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen, which thank God she lives this day to witness."

The health of Mrs T. Moore was subsequently proposed by the noble chairman, and Moore replied in language of great felicity. "You are resolved, gentlemen, that there shall be no end to my gratitude. Of the claims of Mrs Moore to the high honour you have conferred upon her I shall say but little; domestic happiness is of that quiet nature which the heart enjoys but the tongue boasts not: it is like that still music which the ancients supposed is going on above, not the less sweet for its making no noise in the ears of the world; I shall, therefore, leave to those among you who have perfect happiness at home to imagine mine, and in Mrs Moore's name drink all your healths."

O'Connell, in reply to the toast of "The Managing Committee," "Came forward declaring that he could not recognize any particular claim he had to special notice on such an occasion. When gentlemen met to express the national sentiment towards the most delightful of the bards of Old Erin, it was quite refreshing to see the cordial alacrity with which men of every party combined in that testimony to his talent and to his worth. The Irish legend celebrated the fame of the saint of Ireland, at whose command every venomous reptile quitted the land; but it would remain for history to celebrate the more glorious and useful triumph of the poet of Ireland, at whose presence all that was rancorous and malignant in the angry passions of

absurd partisanship ceased, and violent and virulent disputation became converted into a scene of peace, harmony and affection. It was a pleasing, a delicious change, and might be perpetual if Irishmen of all parties would recollect that there were generous, kindly, brave and good men of every party; and that, however in the zeal of contention those good qualities might be denied, yet they did in fact live and reside as in a chosen home in the bosoms of Irishmen of every faction, sect and persuasion. This work of conciliation and natural affection was most suited to the man who combined in himself the most splendid and endearing qualities; who was at one and at the same time the sweetest poet, the best of sons and the most exquisite Irishman living. For himself, all he could say was that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to be able to extinguish party zeal for ever, and to join in a national exertion for the benefit of all the inhabitants of his native land. He was a party man, to be sure; but it was his misfortune, not his fault, to be so. He, however, belonged to the party of the oppressed and excluded; and if he had been born in Madrid or Constantinople he vowed to God he would, in either place, be more intemperate and violent for the protection of the persecuted Protestant in the one, and of the trampled-down Christian in the other."

With a desire not to weary the attention of the reader much further by giving such lengthy extracts as we have already done, we are thus forced, in consequence, to leave out of this narrative many of the other toasts of this most interesting evening in the life of Moore; but, notwithstanding, we feel we would not be doing justice to our readers if we omitted to give the toast and reply to "The memory of the late Right Hon. John Philpot Curran," the lawyer and the patriot who knew no corruption;

the friend of his country whose friendship never waned, who stood by her "when it was treason to love her and death to defend"; and who, like Grattan, fought against the sale of her freedom with an ungovernable, unconquerable and pardonable pride. When speaking of the last days of this great and good man, well might the great and eloquent Charles Phillips, when called, in October, 1817, to the bed-side of the great lawyer, who on finding one side of Curran's body and face paralyzed, passionately exclaim: "And this was all that remained of Curran—the light of society, the glory of the Forum, the Fabricius of the Senate, the idol of his country!"

When the toast of "The memory of the late Right Hon. John Philpot Curran" had been proposed, the son, William Henry Curran, replied as follows: "Perhaps, my lord, I ought not to disturb the silence with which you have filled to the dead; perhaps I ought to recollect, as many here must do, that the tongue which could have thanked you is cold and mute for ever. Still, my lord, in the name of my father's memory, allow me to thank you for the flattering proof of your remembrance. He is now beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain, from any tributes accorded or withheld; but were it possible to suppose that any act of posthumous homage could peculiarly attract his regard, it assuredly would be to see that amidst all the enthusiasm and all the generous heedlessness of the festive board he has not been forgotten; let me say, too, my lord, that the introduction of his name upon an occasion so interesting as the present has not been entirely inappropriate. I speak before those who knew him, and who can attest with what tenderness and delight he would have witnessed the present scene; with what proud and unwavering alacrity he would have joined in this

testimony of respect to his distinguished friend; with what pathetic admiration he would have gazed upon that glorious spectacle of triumphant talent—the sire and the son enthroned amidst the nobility and the spirit of the land, the child absolving the parent from all paternal solicitude—nobly reversing the order of nature by thus winning for himself and imparting back upon his kindred the lustre and the consequence that the less gifted are contented to receive from their predecessors. Nor will our illustrious guest himself deem it inopportune to be thus reminded of a departed companion, for though it may be a favourite occupation of his genius to welcome and adorn with its smiles every offered pleasure, yet have its most delicious and most felicitous moments been passed in mourning over the friends and the times that can never be restored. For myself, too, my lord, if I may for an instant venture to intrude the topic, and for all those who feel more intimately connected with the interests of my father's memory, permit me to express my deepest gratitude for so consoling a proof that some of our fears on the subject have been unfounded; we were repenting that the country in which he lived and struggled, and which he so fervently idolized, should have been defrauded of his ashes; we were apprehending that without some visible memorial to recall it, his name might too rapidly pass away, but we are most grateful for this generous correction of our mistake, which I hail as a certain earnest that there is reserved for him a more precious and a more endearing monument. Yes, my lord, though his own fond expectations may have failed, though the future lover of Ireland and his genius may have to inquire from some antiquary into what corner of another land the bones of John Philpot Curran have been flung, still while the

feeling and the spirit which can alone preserve his memory from decay remain among us—and of this how delightful the specimen exhibited at this moment—his name will not be unremembered or unhonoured. Let me, however, correct myself if I have seemed to insinuate that my father's obsequies were neglected or obscure. No, my lord, they had much of which to boast; his hearse was escorted by no gaudy cavalcade, but it was followed by a little band of friends who loved him, by men of genius and of value, by the philosopher, the patriot and the bard. It may not have been fated that Ireland should touch his pall; but conspicuous among those who attended to see that he was gently deposited in his grave appeared the most accomplished and admired of her children, Mr Moore, conferring by his single presence all, and more than all, that was necessary for the honour of the departed or to the most scrupulous and exacting pride of his survivors. Yes, my lord, I feel that to have been so interred and so remembered as my father has been this night is a rare distinction, to the authors of which I can never adequately express my most fervent and grateful acknowledgments."

This speech made a great impression upon the meeting, and produced the liveliest feelings of emotion. The resemblance he bore to his father in many ways served to make his oration the more interesting, which was punctuated again and again by the cheers of those assembled.

Moore sang several of his Melodies during the evening. The next night an opera founded on "Lalla Rookh" was produced at one of the theatres. Moore was present, and was quickly discovered, and rounds of applause resounded through the vast audience. The call for the poet, who sat in the manager's box, was general. He

to the front of the box, put his hand to his
and bowed his acknowledgments frequently
enthusiastic audience, who greeted him with
loud and long.

e poet returned on the following day to
n.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS LIFE ABROAD

IN the year 1819 in the company of Lord John Russell, Chantrey the sculptor and Jackson the painter, Moore travelled through France and Italy. The tour had been taken to avoid the Admiralty attachment issued against him on account of the defalcations of his Bermuda deputy to which we had occasion to refer more explicitly in a previous part of our narrative. Moore was thus obliged to live abroad from 1819 to 1822. The visitors arrived in Paris on September 8, 1819, and after visiting places of historical interest in and around the city, they left on the 18th. They passed on through Switzerland and Northern Italy admiring as they went along the gorgeous scenery which these countries presented. After seeing the various towns of Italy, especially Florence, Bologna, Milan, Padua, Venice and Rome, with all their wealth of painting and sculpture, Moore returned to Calais, where he was to meet "Bessy" and his family, who were to accompany him to Paris, where he was to make his home for the next three years. As in London, so was it in Paris as regards social life. What with visiting at Madame de Souza's to-day, dining at the Duke de Broglio's to-morrow, with an endless repetition of similar social engagements with other social magnates, Moore's time was pretty well occupied. Nor were these social gatherings without their advantage. In the society of the great, the wise and the witty, much might be gleaned which the most assiduous book-worm, when left to his own exer-

could never acquire. The brilliant wit, the ing epigram, the pointed shaft of satire, the strain of humour, even the cold thrust of ism, belonged to the polished, refined and ted society which Moore frequented, and buted in no small degree to that fluency ase of conversation, that razor-like, keen id that easy and delightful repartee which ll his. And speaking of epigram at one of ocial and intellectual gatherings where Moore y happened to be at dinner, a lady present him if he ever heard of Lord Cowper's epi- upon a tax-gatherer, when, being answered negative, she repeated it. It runs thus:

comes Mr Winter, collector of taxes,
ie people all give him whatever he *axes;*
orcing his dues he uses no flummery,
ough Winter's his name, his proceedings are summary.

ore declared the verses comical. Lord John l attributed them not to Lord Cowper but to ore Hook; and we believe he is right.

ring his visit to Italy in company with Lord Russell, Moore wrote the "Rhymes of the " The poet himself entertained a very poor n of these poems which he called "prose l with rhyme," but nevertheless they con- nany beauties of which the following on may serve as an illustration:

Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin 'mong those states unblest,
Beneath those gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled Freedom died.
No, let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stained diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice, though her fall
Be awful as if ocean's wave
Swept o'er her; she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perished every king and state
That runs the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man.

While at Venice he visited Lord Byron, who was, we might say, living at the time in social exile. Moore having parted with Lord John Russell at Milan, who accompanied him from England and whom he was to rejoin at Geneva, he purchased a small carriage and proceeded alone on his way to Venice to visit the author of "Childe Harold." Having arrived at Venice and having found his friend's villa at Lamira, Moore thus describes this meeting which we can scarcely apologize for transcribing here.

"It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance; and the delight I felt in meeting him once more after a separation of so many years was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible to convey to those who have not at some time or other felt the charm of his manner any idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

I was a good deal struck by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change, having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in

other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a "faccia di musico," as well as the length to which his hair had grown down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap, all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humour which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the increased roundness of the contour, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvidere Apollo, had become still more striking."

During Moore's five or six days' visit with Lord Byron the latter did everything in his power to make his stay agreeable and pleasant. He introduced him to the principal rallying points of Venetian society: viz., Madame Albrizzio's and the Countess Benzoni's receptions, so celebrated for the erudite tone of their conversations. Besides all the natural beauties of the place were called into requisition for sight-seeing both by day and night. The day before Moore's departure from Venice he dined with the noble poet and Madame Guiccioli, who gave him a letter of introduction to her brother, Count Gamba, who was then in Rome. Immediately before dinner Byron left the room, but soon after returned bearing a white leather bag. "Look here," he said, holding it up; "this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I daresay, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" Moore asked. "My Life and Adventures," he said. On hearing this Moore raised his hands in a gesture of

wonder. "It is not a thing that can be published during my life-time," Byron continued; "but you may have it, if you like; there, do whatever you please with it." Moore took the bag, and thanked the poet in the most cordial tones, adding as he did so: "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." To this Byron replied, "You may show it to any of your friends you may think worthy of it."

It may be remarked in passing that this manuscript of Byron's autobiography caused no little sensation some years afterwards. The stipulation given above by Byron was that the manuscript was not to be published until after the poet's death. On this understanding there was nothing open to Moore except to defer the publication until after the death of the poet. However, it appears, Byron did not altogether adhere to his first statement, that "of publication after death," but qualified it by saying "Do whatever you please with it." Interpreting this latter statement liberally, Moore sold the manuscript to Murray in 1821 for £2,100; and gave it to the publisher in April 1824. Shortly afterwards the news of Byron's death arrived. As there previously existed ill-feeling and bad blood amongst many of Byron's friends towards the poet, it was feared by them that some ugly disclosures might be made public if the manuscript were published. It was therefore thought highly expedient that the matter of publication should be suppressed or postponed at least for some time. After some consultations amongst the friends of the deceased poet Murray burned the manuscript. A portion of it, however, afterwards saw the light in publication form, and Moore immediately repaid the publisher the purchase money with interest. Moore no doubt acted in a disinterested way, and should be

recouped for the sacrifice he made. We are also forced to the opinion that Moore was wrong in face of the deceased poet's utterance in stopping or helping to stop the publication of the manuscript, and that Murray was wilfully liable in doing away with this posthumous work, even at the cost of pain to individuals, and should be held so by all sane and right-thinking men. It was certainly a priceless literary heritage which Moore should have jealously guarded for the nation and for posterity, and he should have carried out the solemn wish of the noble poet without fear, favour or affection.

Moore having expressed his regret that time—inexorable time—would not allow him to prolong his stay much further, and that he was sorry that circumstances compelled him to take his departure from Venice sooner than he wished, Byron said somewhat thoughtfully, "At least, I think, you might spare a day or two to go with me to Arqua. I should like," he continued, "to visit the tomb with you;" then "breaking off," as Moore puts it, into his usual gay tone, "a pair of poetical pilgrims, eh, Tom, what say you?" "That I should have declined this offer," said Moore, "and thus lost the opportunity of an excursion which would have been remembered as a bright dream through all my after-life is a circumstance I never can think of without wonder and self-reproach." With Moore, as we have already said, time was pressing, and notwithstanding all the entreaties of Byron to prolong his stay, the poet had, at last, to bid his kind and admirable friend farewell.

At his home in St Cloud near Paris Moore pursued his literary work with grim and real earnestness. He had to earn by his pen the wherewithal necessary for his immediate wants, and likewise to pay off the demand which the Admiralty court made against him on account of the defalcations of

his Bermuda deputy; the latter, however, through the influence of some of his powerful friends was now compounded for a thousand guineas, of which the deputy's friends should pay £300 and Moore the remainder; and although the offer of an immediate loan was proffered, yet Moore did not consent to accept it until he was in a position to give the lender, through his literary labours, an order for that amount on the house of his publisher, Longman.

The "Loves of the Angels" was written to discharge these obligations, for which he received £1,000. The "Fables," also written about this time, brought him about £500. The poem of the "Loves of the Angels," founded on Rabbinical fiction, is principally noted for its great display of fancy and tenderness which were ever-abiding qualities with Moore. The poem indeed is so overweighted with these qualities of tenderness and fancy that a little more of the infusion of the sterner qualities of human force and human passion through the body of the work would be requisite to relieve it of the excessive sweetness which palls the reader through sheer monotony and unvaried sweetness and tenderness. In brief, the fiction may be summed up on the supposed idea of the poet that some of the angels, having admired the daughters of the earth for their beauty, descended to this material world of ours, having thereby forfeited their right to inhabit heaven again. On this fictional idea and subject Moore found his inspirations in the "Loves of the Angels."

The opening of the poem runs as follows:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When in the light of Nature's dawn,

Rejoicing men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn
Ere sorrow came or sin had drawn
'Twixt heaven and earth her curtain yet.

One evening in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world:
Creatures of light, such as still play
Like motes in sunshine round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word.

In his retreat at Paris Moore was visited by all who were famed in the art and literary world. Here he had visits from Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Washington Irving, Lord John Russell, Rogers and Wordsworth; in fact the thought often strikes us, in reading over Moore's diary, how, after giving so much of his time to social events, he could find time for his literary pursuits. The eighth number of the "Irish Melodies" appeared from his pen about this time, and he also commenced the "Life of Sheridan;" but this latter task he found had to be postponed, owing to the want of many interesting particulars which could only be obtained by living in or near London.

The time had now arrived when Moore could leave his Paris retreat and return safely to live in England once more. The £750 was now paid out of the profits of the "Loves of the Angels," and Moore was now a free man, having worked himself out of debt by his own literary exertions. He returned to London, and arrived there on November 22, 1822. On the 28th he returned to his home at Sloperton.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN TO SLOPERTON FROM PARIS

AFTER spending a few months at Sloperton Moore went to Ireland in July, 1823, on a visit to Lord Lansdowne. Having gone on to Bath where he left at school his daughter Anastasia who had accompanied him, he proceeded to Birmingham by coach. There he met Casey, the Irish barrister, who was also his fellow-traveller to Dublin. Casey, in the true, usual lawyer-like fashion, beguiled the tediousness of time by many humorous stories. One of these relating to the examination of a witness is well worth recording here, owing to the flood of light it throws upon the moral and political state of the country at the time:

"What's your name?" etc., etc. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir."—"Are you a freeholder?" "I am not, sir."—"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for?" "Mr Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it?" "I spent it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellows having got the money.

When they reached Dublin, the poet dined at Casey's, and then proceeded to the house of his parents in Abbey Street. He found them both in the enjoyment of good health. After spending a few days in the city the poet went on to Carlow and Kilkenny; there he went to see the old castle

with Lord and Lady Lansdowne. With the town of Kilkenny the early life of the bard was inextricably entwined. It was at Kilkenny he met with his "Bessy," and referring to his diary we find the following entry of his present visit to the city: "Walked with Lord Lansdowne about the town, and recollected the days of my courtship when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river; looked into Cavanagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times! but not more happy than those which I owe to the same dear girl still."

From Kilkenny he went to Lismore, where he was received by the Duke of Devonshire's agent, Colonel Currie. From there he went on by Mallow to Lord Kenmare's place at Killarney, and his impression of the beauty of the lakes and the surrounding scenery is well worth mentioning. "Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing. The weather rather favourable. Drove down to Ross Island, and embarked on the lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *debût* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Innisfallen and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high crossing the glen; seemed as if it were flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear; and their appearance with their infants, stepping from rock to rock across the cascade, is highly picturesque."

It was on this visit that Moore composed that beautiful poem "Innisfallen."

"A beautiful day at last!" says he in his diary, the weather hitherto having been unfavourable, when he went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. "The whole scene was exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than that which may be found in the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little garden that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands and graceful sweep of the shores—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy. The echoes at Dungloe Gap much clearer, and more like enchantment than the last day and, as Lady Donegal expressed it in the letter of instructions to me, 'quite take one out of this world.'"

Moore passed on from Killarney through Listowel to Limerick. From Limerick he went to Dublin, and thence to London. From London he returned to Sloperton.

During the latter part of 1823 Moore appears to have done nothing in the literary way with the exception of perhaps completing his work "Captain Rook," which was published in May, 1824. Of this work, Lord Holland, who was one of the first to obtain a copy after its publication and before the book was in the hands of the public, speaks: "It has far surpassed my expectations; and my expectations went very high. It is so full of wit and argument, learning and feeling." In Ireland the work created a considerable sensation. Milliken, the Dublin bookseller, speaks of it in this strain: "The people," says he, "through the country are subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and he should not wonder if the work was pirated."

In 1823 the foundations of the "Catholic Association" were laid by O'Connell and Shiel—the latter a young barrister who was just beginning to make a name for himself by his polished and figurative rhetorical utterances. The "association" was formed mainly for the purpose of gaining, if possible, by constitutional agitation the rights of religious freedom for Roman Catholics and of directing public attention to the "deplorable state to which the Catholic mind had been reduced through the utter want of organization." The work of the "association" proceeded slowly, and a great amount of labour and energy were exhausted before any appreciable result was noticeable. The estrangement between the Catholic peers and the democratic classes which took place in 1790 still continued. Old Catholic peers such as Lord Fingal and Lord Gormanstown would have willingly accepted emancipation, even on the most slavish terms of the Veto; but the sturdy and massive eloquence of O'Connell and of the famous Dr Drumgoole, who were no way mealy-mouthed in the language they used in rejecting these infamous Veto proposals of Castlereagh and Canning, deterred, if not abashed, the noble lords from accepting the atrocious project of the government. Centuries of religious persecution had made the Catholic peers submissive; and it required the greatest tact and the greatest resources of O'Connell who well knew that without the combination of all Catholic elements little could be done to so manœuvre the forces of the "association" as to bring within its folds men of rank and influence. Lord Killeen, son of Lord Fingal, had backbone enough not to share the fears of his father, but had thrown himself into the movement with unparalleled energy. Lord Gormanstown now followed, and the Earl of Kenmare, who yet unwilling to leave his asylum of

security—seclusion—tacitly lent his authority and gave his contribution to the "association." O'Connell's fears for the ultimate result of the movement were now allayed; and his indomitable courage, coolness and perseverance in times of political ferment and activity were now strengthened by the addition of a new force to the confederacy.

Dr Doyle, the famous Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, openly espoused the doctrines of, and joined the "association" there and then. Various letters and able pamphlets on various subjects of religious importance were published from time to time over the simple letters "J. K. L.," the initials of his episcopal office. Alert with all the mental alertness and subtlety of a great and well-trained intellect; resourceful, massive, deep and commanding with all the intellectual force of a great and vigorous mind, this great prelate was a tower of strength to the movement and a beacon whose light—even as the searchlight of our own time—brought the public opinion of the world to bear upon acts of religious intolerance and religious persecution committed, we might say, in the name of christianizing influence and civilization. He could look back to the past for precedents for the future. He could look back to the years before the Union, when his deceived and deluded episcopal brethren were wheedled by the wily representations of ministers of the crown to countenance and even support the Act of Union, on the plea that the question of relief of Catholic disabilities should at once be considered the moment the Act of Union should become an Act of British law. A number of the Catholic hierarchy did then throw in their lot, on that representation, and that representation only, with the Unionists of the time.

Even Lord Cornwallis, in a conference with Archbishop Troy, went a step further when he

plainly promised that prelate that Catholic emancipation should at once become a cabinet question when the Act of Union should become law. How all these promises were carried out and fulfilled were only too well known to Dr Doyle; and the confidence he had now in all such future promises from ministers and others in high stations was rudely shaken and destroyed. He knew that if the Catholic claims for religious toleration and religious equality were to be listened to at all the Catholics must enlist in their behalf the public opinion of the world and attract and force the attention of the government through well-organized and constitutional agitation. The bitter experience of the past had taught him so; and with this experience and duplicity of the past within his recollection he, with others of his episcopal brethren and a great body of the clergy, became members of the "association." Dr Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, not only joined the movement, but sometimes used vigorous language to excite the zeal of his people. "The contemplation of the wrongs of my country," he exclaimed in his cathedral in Marlborough Street, "makes my soul burn within me."

The cause of religious freedom had now taken an immense hold on the hearts of the Catholic masses; and so deep, strong and enduring had been their determination to achieve, at least, their religious independence that even their enemies had become sympathetic, and even timidly justified their mode of procedure.

Moore, as well as the venerable prelates and patriots of his country, had also become awakened to the cry of his country's discontent; and with his pen, while coinciding with the Vetoists, pulverized the Veto proposal in language of burning words, as he had satirized some three years before the fanaticism and duplicity of George IV. He also en-

deavoured to bring the cause of the sufferings of his Catholic countrymen under the notice of England; and for this purpose "Captain Rock" was given to the world. The lesson which Moore intended to teach by his work, "Captain Rock," was that, wherever oppression is practised, there, too, must be insubordination, not only in individuals but in nations. In fact the whole book is a representation of English government in Ireland, and an epitome of the cruelties which had been practised towards the Roman Catholics, and their endurance under all these sufferings for centuries.

The volume is written in Moore's best style, and shows at once that his command of language in prose was equal to the power and fluency which he brought to bear upon his poetical effusions. Humour and pathos were the distinct characteristics of the work; and some of the passages show great power, acute discernment and much force of representation. The reference to the volunteer movement of 1782, and the hopes which it gave rise to is, perhaps, one of the most forcible and beautiful in the work.

"I was in my twentieth year at that memorable period," says Moore in his "Captain Rock," "when the light that had arisen in America found its way to the shores of Ireland, when the Irish Parliament, in the very grave of its corruption, for the first time heard the sacred voice of Liberty, saying: 'Come forth'; and the same warning voice said to England: 'Loose him, and let him go.'

"Powerful as England had always been in oppressing, she was now too weak to protect us, when menaced with invasion by France; and the volunteers of Ireland took the defence of our coasts upon themselves. From being the defenders of her country's shores, they soon rose to be the assertors of her rights; and with swords in their hands, and

voice of Grattan sounding in their van—
htning thou, and thou my thunder'—
that bloodless conquest over the policy of
, whose results were freedom to our trade
pendence to our Parliament.

l here—as a free confession of weakness
es the chief charm and use of biography—
ıdidly own that the dawn of prosperity and
which I now saw breaking over the for-
my country, so dazzled and deceived my
eyes, and so unsettled every hereditary
f what I owed to my name and family,
ıll I confess it?—I even hailed with pleasure
pects of peace and freedom that seemed
around me; nay, was ready, in the boyish
ım of the moment, to sacrifice all my own
interest in all future riots and rebellions
e bright, seducing object of my country's
nd repose.

ı, I own, was weakness; but it was a weak-
s *fort que moi*. I ought to have learned
ım the example of my revered father, who,
l and shrewd to cheat himself with hope,
lved to make the best of his only inheri-
ıspair. I might have learned better, too,
n the example of our rulers, who not only
ver indulged in any castle-building for
themselves, but have done their best to
ı soon as formed, the 'bright dreams into
e' of others. But I was young and enthu-
and this must be my excuse.

en I contemplated such a man as the
e Charlemont, whose nobility was to the
lke a fort over a valley, elevated above
ely for their defence, who introduced the
the courtier into the camp of the freeman
ed his country with all that pure Platonic
which a true knight in the times of chivalry

proffered to his mistress; when I listened to eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freed her first, fresh matin song after a long nigl slavery, degradation and sorrow; when I sav bright offerings which he brought to the shri his country, wisdom, genius, courage and pat invigorated and embellished by all those socia domestic virtues without which the loftiest ta stand isolated in the moral waste around them the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilder when I reflected on all this, it not only dishear me for the mission of discord which I had u taken, but made me secretly hope that it mig rendered unnecessary, and that a country v could produce such men and achieve such a re tion might yet, in spite of the joint efforts o government and my family, take her rank i scale of nations and be happy. . . .

"Let me draw aside for a moment the cu that hangs between us and reality, and show what are the actual features of the country ir hour of national jubilee and triumph:

"A parliament, emancipated indeed from I ing's law, but rotten to the heart with long l of corruption, and ready to fall at the first tou the tempter—a conspiracy against the very tence of this parliament, meditated even now birth-hour of her independence, and only res like Meleager's billet, till the fit moment c extinction arrives—an aristocracy left free b measure, without the restraints of an appellate diction to give the fullest swing to their ty and caprice; five-sixths of the population stil out from that boasted constitution, whose bles like the "sealed fountain" kept by Solomon f own private drinking, are still reserved for a privileged caste alone; a spirit of intolerance among those self-styled patriots who "think i

. when themselves are free," and who, though
ding in the fullest sunshine of the constitution,
ld not believe in the substance of their liberty
ıey did not see it cast a shadow of slavery on
ırs—an established church rising rapidly into
er and wealth, and wringing her wealth from
very vitals of those whom her power is em-
ed in oppressing and persecuting; such are
principal ingredients of which this happy
ıtry is composed at present, and such the
erials of future discord, on which the dynasty of
Rocks may confidently calculate for the long
inuance, if not perpetuation, of their reign."

After the publication of "Captain Rock" Moore
as to have rested from his literary labours and
n solace and enjoyment in the social events
pening around him. He was continually at
rood, Lord Lansdowne's residence, where he
from time to time many of the social lions of
time. The poet's society was courted by the
t powerful and exclusive of the aristocracy, and
ociety, as the occasion offered, he was called
n to play many parts—poet, wit, humorist and
ician. In May, 1824, he was invited by Lady
ıegal to meet their Royal Highnesses Princesses
ıusta, Mary (Duchess of Gloucester) and Sophia
ıloucester. The princesses were very gracious,
Princess Augusta sang and played for the
, even going so far as to tell him that she had
posed new airs to two songs of his, viz., "The
ıath you wore" and "The Legacy." She also
ed a waltz or two with some German airs for
bard, and he in his turn sang for her, as he him-
says, "my rebel song, 'Oh, where's the slave?'"
erring to this he notes in his diary: "It was no
ll triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favourite
r of His Majesty, George IV."

Not only was Moore lionized for his social capa-

bilities, but he was also much in request at p functions.

At the grand opening of the Literary Instit at Bath, in May, 1825, at which Lord Lansd took the chair, and where many distingu people were present, including, not among least distinguished, Crabbe and Bowles, the h of the three poets were proposed by the chair Moore then rose, and replied to the toast. referring to the "springs of health with nature has gifted the fair city of Bath," he cluded with some eloquent tributes to Crabb Bowles; and of the latter he said that "his p was the first fountain at which I had drun pure freshness of the English language and le —however little I may have profited by my l ing—of what variety of sweetness the mu English verse is capable. From admiration poet I had been at length promoted into frien with the man, and I felt it particularly incur upon me, from some late allusions, to say that found the life and poetry of my friend to b echoes of each other; the same sweetness and feeling pervades and modulates both."

As we have already said in this narrative, l commenced his life of Sheridan while in his r at Paris, but had to give the project up unt return to London, where many papers and confidential documents in connexion with th of that ill-fated genius were in the hands terested parties. The book, however, was lished in the year 1825. From the great d of accurate ideas on constitutional learnin less than the great knowledge exhibited o history of the times, the book may be truly c as the most remarkable and most impartial dealings with the biography and history c period that had yet appeared. The *Edin*

Review speaks of the book in the following terms: "This work is the best historical notice yet published of the events of our times. It exhibits the clearest and the most intelligent account of the great questions which were agitated during the momentous period to which it refers; the best estimate of the great events by which it was distinguished, and not only the ablest exposition of the cause which led to them, but the most truly impartial, temperate and dispassionate view of the merits of the individuals concerned in them."

At a dinner at Holland House, just before the book came out of the publisher's hands, Lady Holland, who sat next to Moore and who was very gracious, said: "This Sheridan will be a dull book of yours." "On the contrary," Moore replied, "it will be a very lively, amusing book. Not from my part in it, but——" Moore's reply ends here, but he who runs can read.

The poet had always the greatest respect for men like Sheridan and Burke, who always fought for political and religious freedom all the world over; and who were, as Moore puts it in words of burning eloquence, in that passage on the condition of England in the eighteenth century in his "Life of Sheridan," "the friends of right, the saving light of liberty, who preserved the ark of the constitution from foundering in the foul and troubled waters that encompassed it."

As the book appeared four years before the Act of Catholic Emancipation had been granted, Catholic Irishmen still felt the rigours of the penal days press upon them; and Moore, as a Roman Catholic, had been no stranger to the feelings thus engendered by such harsh and oppressive measures; and the passages in the work on Ireland's sufferings on the score of religion, are at once an eloquent and indignant expression of the feelings felt by the writer.

"I am aware," said he, "that on the subject of Ireland and her wrongs I can ill trust myself with the task of expressing what I feel, or preserve that moderate historical tone which it has been my wish to maintain through the political opinions of this work. On every other point my homage to the high character of England and of her institutions is prompt and cordial; on this topic alone my feelings have been taught to wear towards her the badge of bitterness. As a citizen of the world I would point to England as its brightest ornament; but as a disfranchised Irishman I blush to belong to her."

Like many others of Moore's prose works, his "Life of Sheridan" was even more than its predecessors a distinct and triumphant success. So much so that the Longmans felt themselves conscientiously called upon to place to the poet's credit £300 more than the sum originally agreed upon.

Lord John Russell, writing to Moore after he had read the book, says: "I confess I am all astonishment at the extent of your knowledge, the soundness of your political views and the skill with which you contrive to keep clear of tiresomeness when your subject seems to invite it." "Your wit and fancy," he adds, "we all knew before; and the latter is, as usual, perhaps a little in excess; but it is always so beautiful that we could not wish it to be other than it is. I dined at Wimbledon yesterday, and all the Spencers sung chorus in praise of your book."

Moore might well be pleased. Any man—even the most thirsty of praise-seeking individuals—might well be satisfied with such tokens of unstinted and lavish enconiums from such coroneted and such influential critics. In brilliant analysis of character, in exposition the most lightsome and exquisite, in kindly portrayal of lights and shadows so incidental to our human nature; with that

depth of feeling, with that subtle and touching sympathy with the subject of his memoir, who for many eventful years had been his friend, Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," had certainly surpassed himself, and richly deserved the many fulsome commendations which the literary world bestowed upon the work. Who can read the work and not be touched with that tenderness of feeling which the author now and again exhibits of that wonderful and comet-like genius, whose life was so eventful, and whose end was so pathetic, so sorrowful, so sombre, so sad? It is only a poet who can write a poet's life; it is only a poet who can sound the depths of the poet's heart—the child of song, the wayward child of genius, aye, often of misery. And nobly had Moore acquitted himself of the great charge and solemn trust that he had undertaken. The following character of Sheridan taken from Moore's work bears ample testimony, and cannot but interest our readers; we therefore make no apology in presenting it to them:

"His political character stands out so fully in these pages that it is needless by any comment to attempt to raise it into stronger relief. If to watch over the rights of the subject and guard them against the encroachment of power be, even in safe and ordinary times, a task full of usefulness and honour, how much more glorious to have stood sentinel over the same sacred trust through a period so trying as that with which Sheridan had to struggle? When liberty itself had become suspected and unpopular; when authority had succeeded in identifying patriotism with treason, and when the few remaining and deserted friends of freedom were reduced to take their stand on a narrowing isthmus—between anarchy on one side, and the angry incursions of power on the other—how manfully he maintained his ground in a

position so critical the annals of England and the champions of her constitution will long testify. The truly national spirit, too, with which, when the struggle was past and the dangers to liberty from without seemed greater than from within, he forgot all past differences in the one common cause of Englishmen; and while others gave but the *left* hand to the country proffered her *both* of his, stamped a seal of sincerity on his public conduct which, in the eyes of all England, authenticated it as genuine patriotism.

"Let it never, too, be forgotten, in estimating this part of his character, that had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in private. He might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary. He might—to use a fine expression of his own—have 'hid his head in a coronet' instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public ingratitude. While, therefore, we admire the great sacrifice that he made, let us be tolerant to the errors and imprudences which it entailed upon him; and, recollecting how vain it is to look for anything unalloyed in this world, rest satisfied with the martyr without requiring also the saint."

CHAPTER X

VISIT TO SCOTLAND

ON October 22, 1825 Moore decided on visiting Scotland, and despatched a messenger from Longmans, where he dined that day, to book a place for him in the York mail for Monday night. He also proposed visiting Scott while touring in the country, and despatched the great writer a note to that effect. On the receipt of Moore's letter announcing his intention of paying him a visit, Scott wrote at once in the warmest manner of welcome. The letter begins thus: "My dear sir—damn 'sir'—my dear Moore," and the letter contained many expressions of delight and pleasure at the prospect of meeting the bard, who "was the delight of all circles, the idol of his own." During Moore's sojourn of several days at Abbotsford many were the subjects which were daily discussed by the two great poets of the time. Who the author of the "Waverley Novels," which were then attracting such attention in the literary world, was at that time entirely unknown, and in the course of conversation one evening Scott, to Moore's surprise and pleasure, mentioned the novels as his own. "I hit upon these novels," said Scott, "upon a hint from Matt Lewis, who was the first person to set me to try my talent at poetry. The novels, which have been a mine of wealth to me, followed." Curious to relate, the story of the celebrated Jeanie Deans was founded, as Scott told Moore, on an anonymous letter which he had received. "The circumstance,"

he states, "of the girl having refused the testimony in court and then taking the journey to obtain the sister's pardon was a fact." He also told Moore he received some hints from Lady Louisa Stuart, granddaughter of Lord Bute. On Moore remarking to Scott of the poetic talent being so common at the time when nearly every magazine then contained poetry, "which would have made a reputation for a man thirty years ago," the latter turned, and said with a look of shrewd humour: "Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before all this talent was at work." On the subject of the sacrifice of Byron's memoirs Scott said that he was well aware of the honourable feelings which actuated Moore, but doubted very much whether he himself would have consented to it. In talking of Ireland he said that himself and Lockhart had gone there rather disposed to be nowise friendly towards Catholic emancipation, but "that they had returned converts to the necessity of conceding it."

Moore made with Scott many excursions in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, and made also the acquaintance of many of the local magnates. The Fergusons and the Lockharts he had often met during his stay at St Walters. Almost every evening after dinner music was discoursed, and Moore frequently sang. Although Scott confessed himself that he hardly knew high from low in music, yet he was particularly pleased to hear Moore sing. "Tom Moore," said he, "is the most exquisite warbler I ever heard." Moore told him that Lord Byron was equally as deficient as himself in the knowledge of music, but such was the great sensibility of Byron and such the strength of his feelings that our bard declared to Scott "that he had seen tears come into his eyes at some of my songs, such as 'When he who adores thee.'" And such indeed were his feelings that when Moore

sang those Melodies so expressive of a nation's woe and sorrow, and those also so expressive of the bright hopes of a nation's future, Byron used to become so overpowered by the national sentiments of the songs that he frequently told Moore that he could not bear to hear him sing them. Another great favourite Melody of his was "Though the last glimpse of Erin," from which Moore says, "he confessedly borrowed a thought for his 'Corsair,' and said to me, 'It was shabby of me, Tom, not to acknowledge that theft.'" "I dare say," said Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine about music are pretty much the same."

Scott's musical delight, however, was to hear the old Jacobite songs, and the singing of these generally put him into great ecstasy.

So high was the opinion Moore formed of the "Magician of the North" that in his journal he recorded the following estimate of his character: "I parted from Scott with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works but that those only could love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford"; and Scott, under date November 22, pays the following high tribute to Moore: "I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say,) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he always looked like a school-boy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country and with people of business and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without the knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat, with many other points of difference—besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward, than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequences of literary people who walk with their noses in the air and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an ale-house and who called himself '*the great Twalm'ly inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.* He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Premat nox alta.* It would be a delightful addition to life if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one."

On the morning of November 2, Moore took leave of Scott at Abbotsford, and set off for Edinburgh.

Here he met by appointment the dreaded critic (now his friend) of the famous *Edinburgh Review*, the celebrated Jeffrey, who told him *in extenso* what he thought of his late work, "The Life of Sheridan." He said it was a work of great importance to his fame. "People," continued Jeffrey, "inclined to depreciate your talents have always said, 'Yes,

Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him.' Even of 'Captain Rock,' they said, 'a lively, flashy work, but the style not fit for the subject!'" "Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can reason solidly and manfully and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it, and am, indeed, of opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair and *manly* account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." At Jeffrey's house at Craigcrook, outside of Edinburgh, Moore became acquainted with the most distinguished in the literary society of Edinburgh. During his stay there he also met Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," who told Moore that what had caused him to write "Julia de Roubigmy" was a wish expressed by Lord Kaimes for "a novel without love in it"—a rare thing to find even in our time when novel-writing is reduced almost to a handicraft and a science. Moore's social talents in Edinburgh, like everywhere else, seemed to have been brought very much into requisition. He sang frequently at Jeffrey's, and the poet relates how he saw his host's eyes filled with tears while he was singing "There's a song of the Olden Time." Before he left Edinburgh he met Scott, who went with him to the theatre. "We went into the front boxes," said Moore, "and the moment we appeared the whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, 'Its you, it is you, you must rise and make your acknowledgment.' I hesitated for some time," continued Moore, "but on hearing them shout out 'Moore, Moore,' I rose, and

bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the next two acts, and the 'Irish Melodies' were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, 'This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me.'"

An anonymous correspondent gives an account of the poet's reception that evening at the theatre. "There was a general buzz and stare for a few seconds, the audience then turned their backs to the lady [the Duchess of St Albans, who just appeared in one of the boxes], and their attention to the stage to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round: "Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lochkhart an' his wife, and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkee een. Wow, but it's Tom Moore, just—Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!"—with shouts, cheers, bravos and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and with a benevolent bend acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish melodies."

Moore left Edinburgh the following morning for his home at Sloperton. At Birmingham, where he broke his journey, an old fellow in the travellers' room, an Irishman, recognized him, and after some

civilities begged him to draw nearer to the fire. "He said to me, in a whisper," said Moore "'I know who you are. Whisht! the last time I saw you, you were only seven years ould, and I little thought what a great man you would become. Do you remember Mr Mulloy?'"

CHAPTER XI

HIS FATHER'S DEATH

TOWARDS the end of this year, 1825, Moore received a letter from his sister Ellen, stating that his father was dangerously ill. Moore records the fact in his diary thus: "The event I have been but too well prepared for; God send he may not have pain or lingering. His long life has been one of almost uninterrupted health, and I have been able, thank heaven, to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable. It is my poor mother I have now most to feel for. Must start immediately for Ireland, but this being Sunday can make no arrangements for money."

The great tenderness and affection which Moore always exhibited towards his parents seem to us to be one of the brightest gems in his character. With Longman he stipulated that his father should receive out of his earnings a yearly stipend of £100. Moore's father died shortly after he arrived in Dublin. He was not allowed to see his deceased parent even in the sad repose of death. The funeral preparations had already been begun. The poet's own recorded reflections on the mournful event are somewhat interesting, if not peculiar: "Saw my sisters Ellen and Kate at night, and found them both much shocked and agitated by the scene they had gone through with the undertakers. Wished to spare me the operation of the Mass in the morning, and advised me not to come till after the Mass was over; but thought it better for every reason to

ɜnd. Felt my heart full of sadness when I got my bed-room; but was relieved by a burst of rs and prayer and by a sort of confidence that great and pure Spirit above us could not otherwise than pleased with what He saw ısing within my mind. This is perhaps not ristian humility, but let it be what it will, I consoled and elevated by it. . . . Arrived in bey Street at half-past six. The priest not yet ıe; at seven he arrived, and we had Mass the room with the coffin. There had been very invited, but others came of themselves, and ɜr a long delay of the hearse—which had been ɔmised at seven, but did not come till half-past ht—we set off for St Kevin's Church. The urning coach was a relief to me, for the delay l been dreadful. The weather was wretched, l altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me rond anything, the vulgar apparatus of the emony seems such a profanation."

We have had occasion in the early pages of s memoir to refer to Moore's laxity in religious tters, and certainly his reflections on the manner which the Catholic Church performs her last ces to the dead are not worthy of that Catho- spirit which Moore professed to entertain."

Not long after his father's death, Shaw, the :retary to the Lord Lieutenant, wrote to the ɜt, stating it was the intention of the viceroy continue the half-pay, which his father enjoyed, his sister in the shape of a pension. The pro- ɜal was graciously declined by Moore, who ıked upon His Excellency's intention in the light hat it would be like that *lasso* with which they :ch wild animals in South Africa; the noose uld be only on the *tip* of the horn, it is true, but would do."

At this time Moore was not in high favour with

the king, and various have been the conjectures at the time anent this lofty proposal of the Lord Lieutenant in the matter of the so-called pension. For ourselves, although not hazarding an opinion on the affair, we might venture to assume that the pension, which would come out of the fund placed at the disposal of the viceroy, had no reference to the imperial exchequer of Great Britain; and very likely too had no political significance whatever, and that its continuation to another member of Moore's family was merely an act of His Excellency's own gracious consideration and regard.

With his usual lofty and characteristic spirit of independence, Moore, as we have already said, declined to have anything whatever to do with the proposal, hence the matter ended. During his visit to Dublin this time Moore saw a good deal of the leaders of the Irish people, especially the leaders of the Catholic movement, and had a good deal of conversation with them upon the Catholic cause and its progress. He thought their best policy after their recent defeat "would have been to have one great meeting, let their feelings explode as violently as they pleased, and then maintain a sullen and formidable silence, which (for the same reason that makes the government always apprehensive when the fellows are not drinking and breaking each other's heads at fairs) would have had ten times more effect in alarming their rulers than all the oratorical brawling in the world." Shiel was, however, of a different opinion; public spirit in Ireland at the time was somewhat low and required continual lashing up. "The priests," said he, "were the only leaders by which they could raise the people, and they had now brought them fully into play." Moore also paid a visit to O'Connell, who did not despair of producing a sensation by the mass meeting they were about to hold in

urtherance of the cause they had at heart. The oet had also an interview with Plunkett, who said, I wish you joy of your emancipation. I now look pon it as quite certain." Moore mentioned an lea suggested by the celebrated Dominick Rice n respect to the sort of petition the Catholics ught to present to the king.

"The fighting age in Ireland," said Dominick, is from sixteen to sixty. I would have the petiion signed by all within those ages, and to comnence, 'We, the undersigned fighting-men of Ireand, most respectfully beg that you will emancipate s.' Do you think this Constantine will do anything or us?"

Moore left Dublin for Sloperton in January, 1826. n this year the poet appears to have pretty well ivided his time between Sloperton and London. His hands, so to speak, were now full of social ngagements, and the number of invitations which ame to him daily was simply incredulous. Poets, rators, statesmen, noblemen—all wished to enterain him. With Luttrell and Rogers Moore seems o have passed much of his time, and often spoke in he loftiest strains of Luttrell's witticisms. At a inner at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's place, with .uttrell, Charles Fox and his wife and others, Fox, fter dinner, was describing the sea as he had once een it all in flames round the ship in passing hrough the gulf of Gibraltar. "An inflammation f the bowels I suppose," said Luttrell. On another ccasion, when Moore took Luttrell to dine at Mrs Iontgomery's, he mentioned on their way there ome one who had said of Sharpe's dark complexion hat he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hatnaking) had got ingrained into his face. "Yes," aid Luttrell, "darkness that may be *felt*."

Moore published the "Epicurean" in 1827. Although the story is written in prose, yet, owing

to its harmonious and attractive style, it may be ranked among his poetical works. It was even so poetical in its construction that Lord John Russell was sorry the author had not made a poem of it. Of its success as measured by pounds, shillings and pence, which after all is perhaps a great test of a book's worth in this prosaic and money-hunting age of ours, the author records the following: "Went to Longman's, and drew £200 on the account of the 'Epicurean,' thus making altogether nearly £400 that I have anticipated out of its profits. Said to Longman, 'I hope it will stand that,' and he replied, 'More than that, I hope.'"

The story is essentially moral and religious and the hero of it is an Athenian and a disciple of the great Epicurus. Like Plato his burning desire was to discover the secret of immortality, and for this purpose he left Athens and proceeded to Egypt about the year 250 A.D., where it was supposed the secret could be found. In Egypt his passion for the discovery of the secret he was in search of was supplanted by the holier and more natural one of love. The young priestess Alethe, with whom he became enamoured, reciprocated his love, and though apparently a mystic of the mystics was in reality and in secret a Christian. These mummified doctrines of Eastern mystery which had so long enthralled her she now endeavoured to shake off, and escaped with her lover from this land of mystic bondage to a hermitage of Christian security. They finally reached the monastery of a Christian recluse, where the monk preached Christianity to the Epicurean, who eventually became a Christian. Christianity in its infancy had been often assailed by passion, by malice, by the strange fatuity of man; and the Roman emperor, no better a friend towards it than its other enemies, now issued a decree against Christians with the result that the priestess

and the monk were seized; the monk condemned to undergo the penalty of execution and the priestess to be imprisoned. The high priest of those Egyptian mysteries, which the priestess understood so well and from which she wished to escape, was so enraged at the leniency of her sentence and at her not being put to death at once like the monk, that he tied a garland of poisoned fruits round her head, and she died in a few hours. For the benefit of our readers who may not have read this book—this picture of word-painting in stately and majestic language—we give the following extracts which we hope may create a desire for the perusal of the work itself.

"The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy and worn it undisputed through ages, now, softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids and her shrines like one of those dreams of human glory that must, ere long, pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Lybian desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand like the rest. . . .

"As I approached the island, I could see glittering through the trees on the bank the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd, and passing through

a long alley of sphinxes whose sparkling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

"What a power there is in innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despoil! She, who but a short hour before had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win—she whom, gladly, from the very floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and dared all punishments, divine and human, to make her mine—that very creature was now before me, as if thrown by fate itself into my power, standing there beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard. Yet no, so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august the protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

"My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now-charmed cave, where her smile left, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then our rambles together by starlight over the mountain; our pause from time to time to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock; and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher; all, all was

happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts that still hung like a mist round my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

"As soon as the moonlight nights returned we used to venture into the desert, and those sands which had lately looked so desolate in my eyes now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe everything was a source of enjoyment—for her, even the desert had its jewels and its flowers; and sometimes her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jaspar that abound in them; sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding perhaps a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter scarlet flowers that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good hermit took a share, mingling occasionally with them the reflections of a benevolent piety that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, God is love,' written legibly everywhere."

CHAPTER XII

VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IN this year (1827) in the Canning administration, Lord Lansdowne had a seat in the cabinet as home secretary. As it was well known that Moore and the minister lived on the most friendly terms, the poet was pestered by people sending him memorials for His Lordship to present, and applying for places, which, they believed, he had at his disposal. Had Moore any thought now of anything coming his own way? or did he even imagine that Lord Lansdowne, friendly as he was with him, and knowing as he did the poet's circumstances, would forget him? Let us see. In the poet's diary for September, 1827, we find some recorded thoughts of his which may go to throw a little light on the subject of patronage for others and of his own expectations.

"A late treasurer of the Ordnance wants his pension raised." "Mr —— wants indemnity for his losses in the rebellion of 1798." "A friend of Mary Dalby's wants a commissionership of bankruptcy; and wants his Whig services in the borough of Ipswich remunerated; and besides various other applicants, to all of whom I have given the same answer, viz., that I made a resolution not to apply to Lord Lansdowne on any such matters. God help their wise heads! If Lord Lansdowne ever gives a thought to *myself*, it is the utmost I expect, and that very faintly."

And as to the amount of patronage which Lord

Lansdowne had in his power to bestow we may justly give the companion picture to the foregoing in His Lordship's own words when talking with Moore on the matter:

"And what makes it worse," says His Lordship, "I have literally nothing whatever to give away except a little Scotch patronage, which must all go in the old channel, and which I am obliged to take the trouble of distributing among the right objects without ever expecting the slightest thanks for my pains." "This," records Moore, "if I had not already been aware of the hopeless state of the case, was a sufficient hint to me of the little prospect *I* have of anything being done for *me*."

Poor Moore, though you "dearly loved a lord," how misplaced were your affections!

In this year Bessy and he visited the graves of their two children, and little did they think then that ere long another, in all the innocence of youth and smiling gaiety, "smiling as if earth contained no tomb," should follow the same way to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." But alas! such is the fickleness of life and hope—hope too often, it is true, but a fair enchantress, still often, too, the parent of noble deeds; of the heroic struggles of patriots and martyrs; often, too, pouring the wine and oil, as did the Samaritan of old, into the wounds of afflicted humanity; and often, too, when the dark shades of despondency and despair cross our paths in earth-life, she stands up and speaks bravely and courageously to all.

About this time Moore set to work to collect notices for his "Life of Lord Byron," and for this purpose paid a visit to Newstead. After gathering all the information he possibly could from family documents and other sources, he started for Birmingham on his way for home. At Birmingham he dined with O'Neil, Mr Trevor, son of Lord Dun-

gannon, and young Plunkett, "the Plunketts' son." Plunkett told some good things of Scott while the poet was visiting at his father's during his Irish tour. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him: "Well, how do you like that gentleman? That's Sir Walter Scott, the great poet." "A poet," answered the fellow, "no, no, the divil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me a half-crown."

Although the poet was now fairly launched with his work on Lord Byron, and proceeded with it with very little interruption, yet he found time to occasionally take part in the passing socialities of the day.

In the spring of 1828 Moore went up to London. In those days steam, electricity and the motor car were not yet in existence, so travelling had to be performed by coach. At Marlborough, on his way to London, he saw his son Tom, who was at school there, and it may be remarked in passing that that excellent college is there yet. Marlborough was one of the resting-places on the journey where a change of horses was usually made and where passengers might have a little rest and refreshment. "Started from Marlborough," says Moore, "in the coach at twelve; a pretty little girl inside, who turned out to be a saint. She found out who I was by a man in the coach asking me point blank whether I was not *the Mr Moore*. Her zeal about me very amusing; anxious to know whether I really felt all that I had written in the 'Sacred Melodies,' which she had every word by heart. A carriage came to meet her (and her maid who accompanied her) at Kew Bridge, where we parted with most cordial hand-shaking."

We mention such a circumstance as this to show the keen observation of Moore and also to show how much the public were interested in the personality of

the man and the poet, who by his "Melodies" could calm the troubles of many an hour and even lessen the intensity of many a sorrow. It was on this visit that he met with an American lady who told the poet of a Miss Emmet, a friend of Robert Emmet, whom she had met while in America, and who had purposely abstained at all times of speaking of Ireland "as a subject she could not trust herself with." One night, however, having been prevailed upon to sing, and after considerable pressing, she consented at last to sing Moore's song, "Weep, weep on, your hour is past," "she burst into tears before she was half way through it, and starting up from the pianoforte, gave full vent to her feelings about Ireland, execrating England in the most passionate manner and wishing that America and the other nations of the earth would join to avenge Ireland's cause on her."

This is another illustration of the emotions and the tender susceptibilities which the singing of Moore's "Melodies" often evoked.

The question of Catholic Emancipation was now the burning subject of the hour. Sir Robert Peel had prepared and introduced the Emancipation Act in the House of Commons. Although the Bill contained no provisions for Veto nor for bribing the priests, it was accompanied, however, by another Act almost as dangerous, if not perhaps more fatal, than either of the above, namely, the disfranchisement of all the forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland. It was the forty-shilling freeholders, it must be remembered, who had humbled the Beresford power in Waterford and returned O'Connell with a sweeping majority member for Clare. The extinction of this class of voters meant the irreparable loss of considerable political influence in Ireland; and no doubt Peel conceived by this wholesale abolition of voters an idea that the remaining voters would

be more amenable to corrupt influences. The abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders would also, as Peel reasonably thought, sink, by non-renewal of leases, the independence of the farmers by making them tenants at will.

The debates on the Relief Bill were, as might be expected, bitter, rancorous and even violent. Notwithstanding all opposition, keen and stubborn as it had been, the Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons on March 30 by thirty-six of a majority. The next day the Bill was carried to the House of Lords, and after debates of the most violent character lasting several days the Bill passed the third reading by a majority of one hundred and four. While the Bill was passing through the House of Lords, and, in fact, before it became the law of the land, the Catholic question caused great and grave anxiety in the hereditary chamber. An opportunity had been offered Moore while in London of hearing the debates on that burning question of the hour in that great and solemn assembly —the House of Lords—being introduced by Lord King, who got leave of the chancellor to put the poet behind the throne. His impressions of the two evenings spent there are well worth recording: "Found it very crowded," says Moore; "several ladies; had Lady Charlemont and Mrs Cunliffe beside me most of the time. Lady Harrowby and some of her daughters there too. Lord Lansdowne's speech, in moving the question, very good and animated in some parts. My extreme anxiety, perhaps, both for time and for the cause, made me hypercritical. The other speeches very dull—all except the Archbishop of Tuam's, which kept the House in most irreverent laughter, even the bishops not refraining. Every new prophet and commandment he cited produced a new burst of laughter. Got tired, and came away at nine

'clock." Next evening he records as follows: Got to the House of Lords at half-past four; aken in by Lord King, and found already three iers of persons occupying the steps of the throne. Knew most of them, however, and they made room or me in the front of them all, an excellent place. ome conversation with Lord Plunkett, who arved early. While he was speaking to us, Lord ldon came, and shook hands with him as he assed, on which Lyttleton said to Lord Plunkett, That reminds me of Greyson and Gully shaking ands together before they *set to*,' it being the eneral expectation that Lord Plunkett reserved imself to speak after Eldon, and some attempt eing made last night to unkennel Eldon for the urpose. Among the persons who came to speak o me were Lord Grey, Lord Dudley, Limerick, homond, etc, etc., and the Duke of Sussex. The uke, pointing to the Archbishop of Tuam, who at quite near me, said in his high, squeaking oice: 'Did you hear that speech last night? I hink we might have brought him up with another rophet; and he said, "Saddle me the ass, and he addled *him*."' Lord Plunkett's speech in one or wo bursts magnificent. 'Is it for me to set my ack against that door and shoulder the Duke of Norfolk from it?' After the immense cheering that ollowed this, his exclamation of 'Shame, shame, hame on the perverse ingenuity,' etc., etc., was he most effective thing I can conceive. 'Excellent yranny, if it was but practicable!' 'They are the pawn of your own wrong,' speaking of the Catholic agitators. These and a few other points told nost grandly; but the dryness of his legal argunents afterwards, and the want of anything like peroration to wind up with effect, made the renainder of his speech appear tame and *manqué*. By far the most comprehensive and useful speech

of the whole debate was Lord Haddington's, and surprise was not among the least ingredients of its success."

Before passing from the question of the Emancipation Act, which became law in the April of 1829, we cannot help alluding to the manliness of Moore on that question of Catholic Relief and Catholic Emancipation. The poet had been some time a contributor to the *Times*, a paper which never forgot, as even in our own time, to asperse the Irish character whenever opportunity offered. Even the tone it assumed on the Catholic, much less than on the national and political question, was always virulent and biassed in the extreme. The king was well known, too, to be opposed in the strongest manner to the passing of the Act, and it required the great diplomacy and tact of Peel and the firmness and the iron-will power of the Duke of Wellington to convince the monarch that, unless the Catholic disabilities were removed, and removed at once, civil war would be the result. The *Times*, following the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish cry, could not do otherwise than follow the royal lead, and that it did so in the most questionable manner caused Moore no little pique; so much so that he then and there severed his connexion with it. We quote his own words in reference to the *Times* transaction:

"The tone taken by them [the *Times* people] on the Clare election and on a trifling *row* at Ballinamore (which they very mischievously magnified into a rebellion) induced me, at last, after some expostulations, to send in my *demission* as contributor; explaining that I could not conscientiously remain connected with a paper holding the tone upon Irish affairs that the *Times* did at present. Received a very friendly letter from Barnes, saying how much they regretted the loss of my aid; that I had been

'of the highest service' to the paper and that they only hoped the separation would not be final, feeling, no doubt, that our views upon Ireland would ere long again coincide."

Barnes,* armed with some letters of introduction from Moore and Lord Lansdowne, went to Ireland, and after a short sojourn there came back, we are glad to say, wholly converted, when Moore again resumed his communications with the paper. We doubt if the *Times* has since continued true and steadfast to its conversion, for within recent years its political views on Irish questions are nothing if not jaundiced and prejudiced in the extreme.

In those years Moore was still busy in the pursuit of collecting information for the "Life of Lord Byron," and had recourse to all persons who possessed any knowledge whatever of the poet. At Lord Holland's, where the question of seeing high life thoroughly was spoken of by Byron in some of his papers, His Lordship said that "Lord Byron had taken the station he held in society not from birth,

* Barnes would have long since been forgotten but for the following imposing, fulsome and laboured epitaph on his tombstone in Kensal-Green, which has done more to keep his memory green in the minds of the present generation than all his political philosophy or editorial sagacity. The inscription on his neglected grave runs thus:

"In memory of Thomas Barnes, M.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and editor of the *Times* journal; died May 7, 1841, aged 55 years. He was a man of eminent service to his country, and his death, to a numerous circle of friends, was a personal misfortune. As a politician he conducted public opinion with great moral courage, inflexible integrity and genuine patriotism; while he was distinguished by fine talents and graceful elocution. Learning in him was united with facility, criticism with taste and elegance with ease. The nation found in him a mind familiar with our native manners and institutions, and acquainted through every grade with the vast fabric of our social system. He was noble by being beneficial to others and disinterested in himself. In magnanimity above the vicissitude of the world, he was a generous spirit, amiable in his domestic relations, and in his social qualities without an equal."—*Clarke's "Handbook to Kensal-Green."*

as the poet himself alleges, for till his talents became known he was, in spite of his birth, in anything but good society, and *but* for his talents would never perhaps have been in any better." In talking of the feeling he had towards the men he lived with Lord Holland continued, "You [Moore] were the only literary person he formed an intimacy with who was 'Hail, fellow, well met' with him; the others he was rather inclined to insult."

In the beginning of the year 1829 Moore was very much upset by the prolonged sickness of Anastasia, the dearest and most loving of his children. "Find it," said he, "a very hard task now to write *anything* with a mind so harassed as mine is by the prolonged sickness of Anastasia."

The poetic temperament is no doubt essentially a temperament of great sensitiveness and acute sensibility, for its emotional strings are as easily moved by the slightest impressions from without, as well as from within, as are those of the fabled harp which the gentle zephyr of summer excites and plays "heedlessly o'er."

And what must be the feelings of Moore with that high-strung temperament of his, so keenly sensitive to all emotions as he gazed upon his dear child passing away from her earthly home? Who that has ever been at the death-bed of one whom they have loved can ever forget the sad scene? to see the convulsive gasp for utterance of even one word of love before the moment of final dissolution comes; to see the last quiver of the lips; to watch life's sad and solemn ebbings; to watch the tranquil look from out the lustreless eyes of pity and affection unexpressed; to see the silent tokens of love, oh, the deep love upon that face as it turns it upon the beholder whom perhaps it almost loved and idolized beyond even mortal conception; to behold the tranquillity and supernatural calmness, as it were,

which now sit majestically upon that brow, wrinkled perhaps by the world's sorrow and furrowed by the world's care. All is calmness. Even with that serenity of calmness and sweetness does the Angel of Death come on tip-toe and with a look so kindly call away the gentle spirit to the unknown land, where it is to be hoped the material has no place, where the jarring discords of earthly life are not heard.

And what must the feelings of Moore be, we ask again, on that 8th day of March, 1829? Let his own words tell us, when, as he says, "I rose early and on approaching the room heard the dear child's voice as strong I thought as usual, but on entering I saw death plainly upon her face. When I asked her how she had slept, she said, 'Pretty well' in her usual courteous manner, but her voice had a sort of hollow and distant softness not to be described. When I took her hand on leaving her, she said (I thought significantly) 'Good-bye, papa.' I will not attempt to tell what I felt at all this. I went occasionally to listen at the door of the room, but did not go in. Thus passed the first of the morning. About eleven o'clock (as Bessy afterwards told me) the poor child, apparently rather wandering in her mind, said somewhat wildly, 'I shall die, I shall die.' 'We pray to God continually for you, Anastasia,' said her mother, 'and I am sure God must love you, for you have been always a good girl.' 'Have I?' she said, 'I thought I was a very naughty girl; but I am glad to hear you say that I have been good, for others perhaps would say it out of compliment, but you know me and must therefore think so or you would not say it.' 'But everybody thinks the same, my love; all your young friends love you. Lady Lansdowne thinks you a very good girl.' 'Does she, mummy?' said the dear child, and then added, 'Do you think

I shall go to Lady Lansdowne's party this year?' I don't know what poor Bessy said to this. In about three-quarters of an hour or less she called for me, and I came and took her hand for a few seconds during which Bessy leaned down her head between the poor dying child and me that I might not see her countenance. As I left the room, too agonized as her own mind was, my sweet, thoughtful Bessy ran anxiously after me and, giving me a smelling bottle, exclaimed, 'For God's sake, don't you get ill.' In about a quarter of an hour afterwards she came to me, and I saw that all was over. I could no longer restrain myself; the feelings I had been so long suppressing found vent, and a fit of loud, violent sobbing seized me, in which I felt as if my chest was coming asunder. The last words of my dear child were 'Papa, papa.' Her mother had said, 'My dear I think I could place you more comfortably; shall I?' to which she answered 'Yes,' and Bessy, placing her hand under her back, gently raised her. That moment was her last. She exclaimed suddenly, 'I am dying. Papa, papa!' and expired."

On the 12th the remains—all that was mortal—of the dear child were conveyed from her father's residence at Sloperton to their final resting-place in Bromham churchyard. No pomp, no gaudy cavalcade, no solemnity was present on the occasion. All the last offices were performed with quietness and gentleness so much in keeping with the character of the deceased. The mother the night before the coffin was closed pulled some snowdrops, so symbolic of the purity and innocence of her who lay within, and placed them inside. She had some time previously placed a bunch of cowslips on the bosom of her darling child, who had smelled them the day before she died. On that March day, on that bright spring morning,

his dear maiden in the spring of life was laid to rest within the precincts of this country churchyard. No sound was heard save the gentle zephyr as it rustled among the budding foliage of the trees; no murmur but the gentle twitter of the birds as the mournful little *cortége* passed into the silent cemetery. The sad ceremony over, the last rites performed, the grave closed in on all that was earthy of the guileless, loving and gentle Anastasia Moore; the mourners wended their way homewards, but the birds sang on.

"And such," says Moore from out the depths and bitterness of his soul, "is the end of so many years of fondness and hope; and nothing is now left us but the dream (which may God in his mercy realize) that we shall see our poor child again in world more worthy of her."

So deep was Moore's sorrow for the death of his child that even the remembrance of her often caused the most painful feelings and emotions. The following circumstance he records in his diary some weeks after Anastasia's death: "Dined one day with the Fielding's, and slept there. Attempted in the evening to sing the new song I have written, Bring thy lute hither, love'; but just at the last line, when I had with difficulty restrained myself throughout, the violent burst came, and for near ten minutes (to the great alarm of the girls, who fled out of the room), I continued to sob as if my chest was coming asunder."

Such was the effect of that doleful remembrance, which time, work, or society could never blunt nor assuage.

CHAPTER XIII

SECOND VISIT TO DUBLIN

DURING the remainder of the year 1829 Moore di
little or nothing of any permanent value in liter
ture, save, perhaps, in continuing his pursuit
collecting information for his "Life of Byro
A vein of sadness seemed to have tinged
whole though otherwise jovial nature. Althou
he went into society as was his wont, yet not e
that could banish the recollection of his dea
Anastasia. Even the advent of the New Y
brought no solace to his harrowed feelings,
rather tore open the wounds not yet healed.
health of his son Tom was now causing him m
uneasiness and anxiety. "Went to Tom,"
he; "found him pretty well, but looking so
cate as to make me very uneasy. Indeed, v
with one or the other of those in whom my h
is wrapped up I am doomed perpetually to anx
My poor mother, too, is in a state of sad w
ness, and I am in constant apprehension about

In the August of this year Moore with B
and family paid a visit to Dublin to see his mo
whom he found in better health than he expe
He had also an idea at this time of writing
life of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
collect information from the most authentic sou
was, perhaps, the chief cause of his visit to Du
at this juncture.

At all events both Bessy and he needed cha
of air, and with the general gaiety of the

character and the genial effect of the Irish climate much might be done by both to restore the visitors to their usual vivacity and animation. During his visit he met with the famous Major Sirr, who had taken Lord Edward Fitzgerald prisoner. On another occasion, while the Duke of Leinster was visiting the poet, Major Sirr left a card; the man in fact who killed the duke's uncle. Strange indeed are the changes which the whirligig of time brings. Moore showed the card to the duke, who remarked that he knew him and that he was not at all a bad sort of man. With Peter Burrowes, one of the famous counsel assigned for the defence of Emmet, Moore had a long conversation; and to him the famous lawyer gave some very interesting reminiscences of Emmet's trial which are very well worth repeating in this humble narrative.

"On the apprehension of Emmet," says Moore, as taken from Burrowes' rendering, "he had confided some money he had about him, together with a letter, to somebody he thought he could trust, to be delivered to Miss Curran. The person, whoever it was, pocketed the money, and carried the letter to the government; on hearing which Emmet, in despair at the thought of having committed the girl by anything he might have said in the letter, addressed through some channel or other the most earnest entreaties to the government that they would suppress the letter, engaging himself, if they would do so, not to say a word in his own defence, but to go to his death in silence. This latter offer he made knowing how much it was an object with the authorities that he should not address the people." "Burrowes told me, too," says Moore, "that during the trial, whenever he was endeavouring to disconcert any of the witnesses in cross-examination, Emmet would check him, and say, 'No, no! the man's speaking truth.' This was,

however, only on points bearing against himself; for whatever testimony was likely to involve or criminate others he showed the utmost anxiety that the truth should not appear." "Too," said Burrowes, "when I was about to avail myself of the privilege of reply, wearied to death with anxiety and feeling both the painfulness and inutility of what I was about to do, Emmet said: 'Pray do not attempt to defend me; it is all in vain'; and I accordingly desisted." "Nothing," says Moore, "could be more warm and unqualified than Burrowes' praise of him and his feeling for his memmory." On the matter of the "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" the poet called one morning on Major Sirr, who took such an active part in the capture of Lord Edward. Sirr's description of the capture of his noble prisoner should have more than ordinary interest for the general reader, so we give it without hesitation. The narrative in the poet's words, as taken from Sirr's rendering, is as follows:

"Got the information as to where he was but the moment before he acted upon it. (Ryan and Swan happened to be with him at the time.) He took five or six soldiers in plain clothes with him; when arrived in Thomas Street sent for the pickets of cavalry and infantry in the neighbourhood; had altogether between two and three hundred men. While he was fixing the pickets round the house Swan ran upstairs, soon after which Sirr, hearing a shot, ran up also, and found Lord Edward struggling with Swan and Ryan, the latter at his feet. Could not well make out whether Sirr said the shot was fired from the hall (they being at the top of the stairs), or from the landing at the top into the room (they being still in the room); rather think the latter. Ryan had also a sword cane. Lord Edward again made efforts to escape in the hall, and it was then he was wounded by the drummer."

To celebrate the late French Revolution and the deposition of Charles X, the people of Dublin convened a meeting at the National Mart on September 15, 1830. Moore was invited by the Committee to speak on the occasion; the principal other speakers being Shiel, Murphy and Sheehan, editor of the *Mail*. Shiel was one of the earliest speakers, and sat down after having delivered a speech of great oratorical power amidst great and prolonged applause. It was thought that Moore would have seconded and spoken to the resolution, and although calls were frequently and persistently made for him to do so, he resolved not to obey the calls of the vast audience. Mr Hamilton, late candidate for the county of Dublin, proposed the next resolution, and amidst the wildest enthusiasm and repeated calls for Moore, the poet was at last compelled to speak. He confessed himself that, owing to the great enthusiasm which prevailed when he rose to speak to the resolution, it was some time before he could gain self-possession to even utter a word, and even when he did speak he became so embarrassed that he lost the thread of his subject, and his mind seemed to have become a perfect blank. It was undoubtedly to him a moment of great pain and embarrassment; and the audience, owing to the wild excitement that prevailed, seemed not to have noticed his partial discomfiture. His mind after a while worked itself clear, and he proceeded with his speech without further hesitation to the end; when the most deafening and tumultuous applause and waving of hats and handkerchiefs greeted him as he resumed his seat.

The poet's speech ran as follows: "He felt considerable embarrassment in addressing them. The very favour with which they received him was, in itself, an embarrassment, as making him feel how much more responsibility was imposed upon him

by such kindness, and while it inspired him with a wish to prove himself worthy of such a reception and such an audience, it at the same time deprived him of the power. So rarely, too, had it fallen to his lot to address such a numerous assembly that hardly could he recognize the sound of his own voice in the effort he now made to be heard by them—unlike those gentlemen around them who had been taught oratory in its most inspiriting school; unlike his friend, Mr Shiel, whose voice had become familiar with its own echoes in that noblest of oratory's themes, the assertion of religious freedom, whose eloquence he had long, at a distance, regarded with melancholy admiration, looking upon it, he owned, as almost vain and fruitless a waste of power as that of the young Demosthenes on the sea-shore practising to the winds and waves. Manfully, however, and gloriously had he persevered, till at length the triumph at once of oratory and freedom was complete, till words performed the office of swords and the chains broke around him as he spoke. To come forward in the presence of men thus practised and thus triumphant was, he felt, a presumption in which nothing but the cause he himself now spoke upon could justify him. Luckily, however, he came not now to speak to them of chains and wrongs. He came not now to address them, as he might once indignantly have done, on their own servitude, but on the freedom of others—on the grand movement of national self-redress which the world had just witnessed, and in which it is surely not too much to say that the spirit of freedom has shone out in a fairer and more perfect form than even in the brightest of these advents with which she has but too rarely blessed mankind. Nor is it France alone that profits by this splendid lesson; it ought to be useful, and, with the blessing of heaven, *will* be useful in every quarter of the

civilized world where there are rulers to be taught the bounds of power or subjects to learn the limits of obedience. Serious as was the warning given to monarchs by the first revolution of that country, and awful as was the process of purification—by blood and fire, it is true, but still purification—in which that great people was seen ridding itself, by one mighty effort, of the political dross of ages—awful, as he repeated, and terrible as was that lesson to the abuses of power, its rudiments were still too deeply laid in long revenge, and the retribution, when it came, too bloody to be ever drawn into precedent, or indeed ever to occur again, but in those cases (now, he trusted, for ever precluded) where a nation has been so long brutalized by the endurance of slavery as to have been rendered almost unfit for the recovery of freedom—where the moral eyes of a people are, as it were, put out by a long course of oppression, till, with all the blindness as well as strength of the strong man in the Scripture, they in the moment of revenge bury both oppressor and oppressed in one common ruin. Momentous as, even in its excesses, was such a lesson, yet, applicable but in extreme cases, and too associated with scenes of blood and rapine to be ever willingly appointed to us as an example by the humane assertors of man's rights, its authority, even as a warning, was fast fading away. The friends of arbitrary power, interested in decrying every effort at resistance, held forth the practical consequences of that event as a bugbear against the adoption of its principle; while the timid lover of freedom, hopeless of being able to separate the spirit of his cause from its dregs, shrank back from the experiment as too hazardous, and almost preferred being without the blessing altogether to paying so tremendous a price for it. Of this state of feeling on both sides,

those ever-ready encroachers, the throned monarchs of the world, were not slow in taking advantage. Old abuses and pretensions began to steal out one by one from the lurking-holes to which they had been scared, and as the poet says in describing the hour of twilight—

> To their high-built, airy nests
> See the rooks returning home.

Even so all the dark birds of despotism and tyranny were seen winging their way back to the high places of this world which they usurp, nor could anything more clearly demonstrate the security—the blind, infatuated security—into which royalty and its minions were relapsing than the very transactions out of which the great event they were this day met to commemorate emerged. It was, in short, manifest that a new lesson to those recumbent upon thrones was wanting; a lesson which, purified from all that brought suspicion and stain upon the former, made wise by the experience of past error and moderate by the consciousness of present strength, should proclaim to the rulers of earth, in a voice not to be misinterpreted or misunderstood, that the chances of might against right are every day diminishing, that the many are no longer to be sacrificed to the few, and that the blessings of freedom, once possessed and understood, will not be without blood relinquished; that, in short, right is fast becoming might, and must as such be omnipotent. How grandly and, at the same time, how temperately this new revelation of the word of freedom has been put forth to the world, was too vividly present to their minds and memories for him to think of wasting a single moment in enforcing them. It only remained for them

that the warning will be taken where it

that this handwriting on the wall will

be read in its true sense by the Belshazzars of this world, and that they will, while there is yet time, avert by wisdom and conciliation the doom that, as sure as there is a spirit of justice in heaven, is preparing for them; nor is it only in these far-gone, acute cases of misgovernment, for which revolution is the only cure, that the example may be expected to operate. Let us hope that even in those milder forms of political malady, where reform only is wanting, it may have the effect of freshening the circulation of the common weal, and removing those obstructions which impede it. Let us hope that wherever there exists an aristocracy inclined to slumber in the high watch-towers where, in a constitutional monarchy, they have been stationed, and disposed to alienate themselves from the people by their fastidiousness, without being, at the same time, useful to the throne by their wisdom; and, by a natural but fatal process, increasing in pretension and exclusiveness in proportion as they decline in legitimate influence; let us hope that such an aristocracy will, before it is too late, see their true policy; that, by placing themselves more in contact with the people, they will ward off collision with them, and by coming up to the full mark of usefulness and independence expected of them, both as advisers of the crown on one side and protectors of public rights on the other, maintain that high pitch of character, that real altitude which can alone reconcile men's minds to their *artificial* elevation, and can alone prevent such an anomaly in government as a class of hereditary legislators from becoming worse than ridiculous. In the same manner, if there be any Church as stationary—or, he should rather say, as retrograde—in intelligence, liberality and all Christian self-denial as it is progressive in its strides towards wealth and domination—a Church wedded to the State by those

worldly bonds, of which, too often, corruption is the dower and hypocrisy the offspring—to such a Church he would say, for its own sake, take timely the warning that is abroad, and reform yourself from *within* before sacrilegious hands venture on the task from *without*. If such a connexion between the temporal and the spiritual be thought expedient—a connexion hurtful, it is to be feared, to the interests of both—at least preserve whatever *uses* there may be in an establishment by throwing overboard, while the storm is as yet at a distance, the *abuses*. Nay, to put the advice in a more palatable form, I would say, for the preservation of those darling abuses, at least diminish their amount; part with a portion of your power to secure the remainder; and by making yourselves a less rich victim, remove one of the strong temptations to the sacrifice. Thus would he say to such a Church, and if there be a king—but here, said Moore, I pause in my hypothesis, though some few months since I could with but too just bitterness have pursued it; I pause because from that quarter better hopes, I confess, dawned upon me. Whatever weakness, he continued, might through life have been imputed to himself, an excess of loyalty was one with which his worst enemies could not upbraid him; and if, in his present approaches towards that orthodox quality, he should exhibit any of the awkwardness of a beginner, the fault must be imputed solely to the defects of his Irish education, the country to which he had the melancholy pride to belong, having been (ever since his politics had been old enough to be sent to school) anything, God knows, but an academy of loyalty. Among the many blunders, said he, attributed to us—calumniously, of course—by our neighbours, it is related as the boast of an Irishman, that "the first bit of bread he ever had in his hand was

a potato," and there was a time—a time I may now allude to without scruple, as it is, thank God, past and gone—when a potato was not more naturally the first thing in an Irishman's hand than resistance to the oppressor was the first thing in his thoughts. And, allow me to add (in another phrase of speech familiar to all your ears), *no blame to us* for so feeling. Had we felt otherwise, we should have been wholly unworthy of the rights with which we have been since invested, nor should we have now stood stretching forth our chainless hands to France, and congratulating her in the voice of freemen on being herself even more nobly free. Loyalty, therefore, continued the speaker, is a new luxury which Irishmen may now indulge in without weakness; and I am convinced that I but echo the feelings of all present in saying that there is not a man of us who would not be as ready to offer honest and fervent fealty to a monarch, well-intentioned and constitutional such as now occupies the throne, as we should be, all of us, to resist an arbitrary one, if necessary. Nor can I help looking upon it as a most auspicious coincidence that the two proudest thrones of the world should be, at this moment, filled by two personages who, though born princes, have been educated as men, and who—not like others of their class, dandled in the lap of royalty from their births, and therefore continuing children to their graves—have been, by mixing with the crowd of the world, schooled into those sympathies with their fellow-men, which can alone conquer in them that inherent vice of kings—the reigning only for themselves; and while one of them has come to rule over a nation long acquainted with free institutions, so long, indeed, as to be but too much inclined to slumber over its treasure; the more brilliant fortune of the other has been to head, as it were, in a fresh start of free-

dom the people of whom he is the choice, and thus to link his name with the brightest era of their annals for ever. A bright era it might well be called, and glorious the people who are the authors of it. But I have already sufficiently dwelt upon this subject —already more than enough trespassed upon your patience, though here, indeed, is a theme I could expatiate upon for ever—here I am, I confess more at home than even in my loyalty, for surely, surely, if there be a spectacle upon which God Himself, if I may say so without irreverence, must look down with peculiar pleasure, it is that of man, social and enlightened man, asserting thus grandly the dignity of that image which the almighty Workman has impressed upon him, spurning away the rash hand that would deface its lineaments, and doing justice both to his Maker and himself by standing free and undebased before the world."

Before the poet left Dubin he visited Conolly's Lodge, Lord Edward's cottage, near Kildare; or at least to look upon the spot where it once stood, as no trace whatever of it then existed. While there he called upon a man named Garry, a farmer who was one of Lord Edward's captains in 1798. "A fine, grave, handsome and intelligent, active old fellow, who, by the way he spoke of passing events, showed that the fire of 1798 was not quite extinct in him." "It is of the kingdom of God," said Garry, "I have now alone to think; but still till the last moment of my life it will give me pleasure to hear of the downfall of despotism." It was at breakfast at Mr Cassidy's of Monasterevan that Moore made the acquaintance of the famous Judge Johnson, who was originally one of the Whig followers of Grattan in the cause of Irish independence, but when a motion for the relief of the Catholics was brought forward under government influence in the year 1783 and defeated

by the Whigs, he so resented this double dealing of the Whig party that he, there and then, transferred his political affections to the castle and to castle rule. Speaking of this event he remarked to Moore with great *naïveté*: "We were all jobbers at that time." He received for his vote for the union a judgeship, and at the time Moore met him he was enjoying a superannuation allowance from government of £1,500 a year—not a bad reward for political jobbery! In this month he also paid a visit to Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster for the purpose of collecting materials for his "Life of Lord Edward." The duke not having very much information to communicate, being as the poet supposed somewhat reticent and uncommunicative, Moore felt no desire to press him on the subject. At the request of Lady Campbell, a relative of Lord Edward's family, His Grace of Leinster wrote to the poet shortly afterwards begging of him to postpone the publication, adding also that he (His Grace) "agrees with her as to the expediency of doing so." With the views of Lady Campbell and the duke the poet did not coincide. "The persons," as the bard truly observes, "who had given him the materials, and had, therefore, perhaps, the best right to interfere with my task, had by no means done so, but left me to pursue my own discretion and views in it."

Moore went back to England in October of this year, but returned to Ireland in the February of the next, owing to a letter he had from his sister Ellen, entreating him to come at once, stating that his mother, who had become very ill, was fast passing away. The poet returned to Dublin with all possible haste, but found his mother had in the meantime rallied considerably. Having sat by her bedside, she spoke to him about his letters to her, and her wish was that the poet should seal them up

and write upon them that they were to be the property of Ellen after her death. "They belong to you, my dear Tom," she said, "but this wish of mine I know you will not have any objection to." And continuing, she said: "Well, my dear Tom, I can say with my dying breath that you have from the first to the last done your duty, and far more, indeed, than your duty by me and all connected with you. At least *I* can say so from my heart."

It was during this visit in 1831 that, being so anxious to become accurately and thoroughly acquainted if possible with that much-debated question of the passage "that viper, etc.," often found at the time in the printed speech of Emmet, and hurled at Plunkett, who was then attorney-general, that Moore again sought old Peter Burrowes, who, as we have said before, was one of Emmet's counsel on that memorable occasion.

"Plunkett could not have refused the brief of government," said Burrowes, "though he might have avoided speaking to the evidence." "It was not true," said the same authority, "that Plunkett had been acquainted with young Emmet." "The passage in the printed speech of Emmet where he is made to call Plunkett 'that viper, etc.,' was never spoken by Emmet, and the secret of its finding a place there was owing," said Curran, son of the late John Philpot Curran, who was present with Burrowes at Moore's interview with him, "to the following circumstance: The person who took down the speech at the trial was, I think, MacNally, the son of the barrister, and he had afterwards some conversation with Emmet in the prison. It was during that conversation that Emmet, in speaking of Plunkett, used those expressions which MacNally introduced subsequently in the speech." This goes entirely to disprove T. D. McGee's assertion in his "History of Ireland"

in reference to this much-debated matter. "It is now well known," says McGee, "that the apostrophe in the death-speech, commencing 'You viper,' alleged to have been addressed to Plunkett, was the interpolation many years afterwards of that literary Ishmaelite, Walter Cox, of the *Hibernian Magazine*, who, through such base means, endeavoured to aim a blow at Plunkett's reputation."

On February 18 Moore dined at the castle with Lord Anglesey, who was then Lord-Lieutenant. After returning from the viceregal dinner he announced his intention to his mother of returning to England in the morning, who, on hearing it, said: "Now, my dear Tom, don't let yourself be again alarmed about me in this manner, nor hurried away from your home and your business." She then said before he left her that she must give him her wedding-ring as her last gift. She accordingly sent for her trinket-box, in which the ring was, and put the ring herself upon his finger—one of her last acts of maternal affection.

The poet returned to his home at Sloperton next morning.

CHAPTER XIV

LIFE OF BYRON

THE year 1830 saw the publication of the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notes of his Life," by Moore. Whatever may be said of the intrinsic merit of the work, so far as the preservation and presentation of documents and letters are concerned, there certainly can be but one opinion in reference to its composition. The June number of the *Edinburgh Review* of 1831 thus says of the work: "Considered merely as a composition it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clean and manly."

Some of the critics of the work have observed that too much has been recorded which should never have seen the light and that Moore should have used the pruning knife even more extensively than he actually did. True that Byron, in those passionate, frenzied moments, when reason, tact and the fear of public opinion became the slaves of poetic temperament, wrote and said many things which public morality would not or could not even justify but must unhesitatingly condemn. And no one can deny, in fact it cannot be questioned, that no other biographer could have brought such masterly discretion to bear upon the performance of his labours or could have shown more perfect sympathy with his subject than Moore had shown on the matter in question. While keenly alive to the many weaknesses which continually

beset human nature and the many passions which, owing to the complex temperament of the poetic mind and poetic nature are incessantly struggling for the mastery, Moore, with great poetic insight, gave due allowance and went through his task with the idea always before him that the noble poet was not an angel but a man. And if Byron had listened to the advice which Moore as a friend had always been willing to give him, it might have been different with his public reputation. Even so far back as 1819, when Moore visited him at Venice, he cautioned him against the publication of "Don Juan" and the calamitous effect it would have on his moral reputation. While admitting the great, enthralling power of "Cain," Moore condemned the tone of it. "Many," he tells Byron, "will shudder at its blasphemy, though all must fall prostrate before its grandeur. I regret you wrote 'Cain.' I would not give up the poetry of religion for all that philosophy will ever arrive at. Faith is a treasure not lightly to be parted with. Boldness in politics does good, but in religion it profits neither here nor hereafter."

Byron, who, with all his wealth of genius, dignity and poetic aspirations, though without decision of character, and high, lofty and moral firmness of purpose to guide them, was as one of "those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the spirit whom they call 'king of the sea.'" Moore was so deeply interested in his friend that he cautioned him against Shelley's influence and atheistic teaching.

We here give a few passages from the work to show Moore's style of composition, as well as his brilliant analysis of character and metaphysical criticism.

"The clock of St Mark's struck the second hour of the morning. Lord Byron then took me in his gondola, and the moon being in its fullest splendour, he made the gondoliers row up to such points of view as might enable me to see Venice at that hour to advantage. Nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the whole scene around, and I had for the first time the Venice of my dreams before me. All those meaner details which offend the eye by day were now softened down by the moonlight into a sort of visionary indistinctness, and the effect of that silent city of palaces, sleeping as it were upon the waters in the bright stillness of the night, was such as could not but affect deeply even the least susceptible imagination. My companion saw that I was moved by it, and, though familiar with the scene himself, seemed to give way for a moment to the same train of feeling; and, as we exchanged a few remarks, suggested by that wreck of human glory before us, his voice, habitually so cheerful, sank into a tone of mourning sweetness, such as I had rarely heard from him and shall not easily forget."

The following on the character of Byron is taken from the work:

"There are few characters in which a near acquaintance does not enable us to discover some one leading principle or passion consistent enough in its operations to be taken confidently into account in any estimate of the disposition in which it is found. Like those points in the human face or figure to which all its other proportions are referable, there is in most minds some one governing influence from which chiefly—though, of course, biassed on some occasions by others—all its various impulses and tendencies will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was almost

wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and impelled sometimes—as during his short access of parsimony in Italy—by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities must be admitted as my excuse.

"In proposing to show that the distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources, the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both, it had been my intention to pursue the subject still further in detail, and to endeavour to trace throughout the various excellencies and defects, both of his poetry and his life, the operation of these two dominant attributes of his nature.

"'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to show that to his readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of a variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility indeed of immediate impressions, which in him was so active,

lent a charm of all others the most attractive to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were at the moment present such ascendant influence that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play."

When Moore returned from Dublin to England, he immediately set about his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." The time expended and the labour involved in collecting materials for the work made its progress slow indeed. "My 'Lord Edward' has lingered on hand (like everything else I do) much longer than I anticipated. This is all owing to the slowness of my execution. I see rapidly how the thing ought to be, but to *make* it so is the difficulty."

In many quarters the immediate publication of the "Life of Lord Edward" was looked upon as being somewhat inopportune and would most likely be productive of much mischief owing to the excited state of the public mind at the time. As will be seen, Moore was not to be influenced by the great forces that were brought to bear upon him for deferring the publication of the "Memoir." The then ministry might have feared some ugly disclosures, but Moore was unyielding and non-compliant. Lord John Russell, with that suavity of manner which was characteristic of him only in times of expediency, insinuatingly asked Moore what he meant to do about his "Life of Lord Edward."

"Sir John Newport," says Moore, "also spoke to me on the subject at Brookes's; he said he was very angry with me about it, that such a book would do great mischief, and that my friend Lord Lansdowne thought the same that he did about it."

Moore, with that frankness and independence of character which even his worst enemies must

admire, says to Sir John, in response to his interrogators:

"Tell them," says he to Sir John Newport, "that I could not now, in justice to myself, give it up or even defer the publication; people (in Ireland particularly) would think it was from my friends having come into power that I was influenced; that I looked to place, etc., etc. Be assured," he added, "that it will do no mischief, at least, will not *add* to the mischief which is but too abundant and inevitable already. I should only damage my own character by what you wish me to do, without any good whatever resulting from it to others. I mean, in a preface to the work, to inculcate confidence in the present ministry and to express my own reliance upon their modest intentions towards Ireland; and a good word of this kind from an honest and consistent man (humble though he be) will do you more *service* than anything that is in the work can do harm, or that I could *ever* do either you or myself if I were to tarnish my reputation by any suspicious compliance with the wishes of persons in power." In answer to all this, in Moore's own words, Lord John said that he "did not much mind it himself, but that Lord Holland being related to Lord Edward's family it would look, to say the least of it, ungracious towards him to publish such a work in opposition to his wish. I then reminded him of what I had already told him —namely, that Lord Holland was the person who had the most strongly urged me to the task, and had even in answer to a letter of mine, in which I had rather confounded the character of my present hero with my two former ones, Sheridan and Byron, said expressly, "It is a very different task; but you can do full justice to poor Edward's memory without wounding or even offending the

feelings of any person whatever." In the
of our conversation, in speaking of the *dar*
such a work in the present excited state
public mind, I said, "Why, the subject h
come historical, and I don't see why it shc
more dangerous than your own 'Life of
Russell' would be, if published now." T
Lord John answered (but too truly), in hi
quiet way, "Ah, that's a quarrel that ha
long made up; not so with the Irish quest

The social hours of great men are ofte
usually, of peculiar interest. The conversat
charged with the electrical fire of wit, humo
keen repartee, is kept up with animated, d
and polite fencing, while that boundless fan
almost inexhaustible store of profound er
which are peculiarly theirs are continuall
played in language bright, vivid and pictu
Of all the great conversationalists—and ther
many—in the opening years of the nineteent
tury, none perhaps could excel, if even co
with Macaulay for copiousness of languag
vast and profound learning. Our bard me
extraordinary man in June, 1831. "Break
at Rogers's," said Moore, "to meet Mac
Talking of Pascal's 'Lettres Provinciales,' M
lay said it was almost the only book one could
get tired of. Spoke of the proof that is affor
fame by the creation of new words, such as
xotic, which pervades all languages, *Machiav*
Rodomontade (from Rodomont), etc. Roger
me that the Duke of Wellington had said late
speaking of my 'Lord Edward,' that 'he cou
conceive what I could make of it.'" "Maca
Moore continues, "gave us an account o
Monothelite controversy as revived at present a
some of the fanatics of the day. In the cou
the conversation, Campbell, who was prese

well as Lord John Russell, quoted a line: 'Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons'; and looking over at me said significantly: 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said: 'It is a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which every one attributes *to you*.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise: 'That is *mine*'; on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Banke's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared and showed such power in that style of composition that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day."

CHAPTER XV

LIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

IN the summer of 1832 Moore's mother died, and the communication informing him of her death had by some means or other been so delayed that when he did receive the intelligence it was on the morning of the funeral, so that it was out of the question for him to think of crossing over to Dublin to attend her obsequies.

"It is now useless, besides being painful," said he, "to say what I felt at the event. I had been too well prepared for it to feel anything violent, and the effect that it had upon me was rather that of deep and saddening depression, which continued for some days, and seemed more like bodily indisposition than any mental affliction. The fact was too that I was ill; whether from the shock at last I know not. The difference which it makes in life to have lost *such* a mother those only who have had that blessing, and have lost it, can feel. It is like a part of one's life going out of one."

This year also saw the passing of the Reform Act, the Catholic and Liberal Irish members, headed by O'Connell, supporting the "Reform" ministry; not that the Bill in itself would concern Ireland very much, but in the hope that they might establish a claim upon the sympathy of the Liberal party in England, who might aid them in asserting and furthering their own rights—a hope which was not realized or fulfilled. Moore, perhaps, not in the world of politics but of it, had some misgivings as

to whether any benefit would accrue to England from the passing of the Act; whether the tendency had of late been towards a change of representation and franchise, and that any interference with the extension of the franchise might cause a revolution in the political world for which the public were but ill prepared. Whatever fears Moore may have entertained with regard to the propagation of revolutionary doctrines and impulses, he afterwards lived to see that the measure brought in and passed by Lord Grey and his colleagues was sound in policy and perfected what it aimed at—the reform of parliament.

In this year, too, the "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" appeared. Though the poet had never been a member of the Society of United Irishmen, yet his sympathies were with their principles; and we verily believe that, had not his affectionate mother extracted from him that solemn vow to sever his connexion at once from the *Press* newspaper and cut himself adrift from its teachings and the teachings and doctrines of the United Irishmen, Moore would have become one of the most active of its members, and might, like most members of that body, have suffered in the cause it had so warmly at heart. Even in his Melodies those burning bursts of feeling which, like the simoon from the desert, parched and enervated oppression, and helped in no small degree to strike tyranny tame, were but the cyclonic expressions of the sentiments he felt. Moore's national sympathies and his patriotism were not fleeting or ephemeral, but lasting and permanent. His life of his great and noble countryman is written in a style chaste and beautiful; and his vivid account of that dark and mournful epoch of 1798 must recall, even after the lapse of a century, harrowing recollections and tender, sad and pitying sympathies. And while not

forgetting to look "Westward, where the course of empire takes its sway" since it proclaimed its independence, Moore expatiates with an almost religious fervour on the benefits which Ireland reaped by that "independence"; so much so that he states of the year 1776, when "America proclaimed her independence," "as the same year when the first link was struck from the chain of the Catholic."

Nowhere, perhaps, in all the writings of Moore, are the keynotes of his own character so strongly marked as in his "Life of Lord Edward." The correspondence between the ill-fated nobleman and his mother is commented on with a sympathy which could not emanate from any man, except the man whose heart and soul were bound up by the dearest ties of domestic affection. His feelings of patriotism were no less diluted; for while he speaks in glowing and eloquent strains of the army of volunteers who assembled at Dungannon under that noble Irishman, Lord Charlemont, and how they rallied in sympathy round the patriotic standard, he speaks in no faltering way of the patriotic faith which was within himself, which neither time nor political associations, nor living amongst the great and the powerful could diminish or destroy. And in the book where Moore discusses that grave and abstruse problem, the right of resistance, he does so in a manner that shows how eloquently and skilfully he can define the limit where resistance becomes a duty, and endurance a slavery. And this resistance of wrong and oppression, as voiced in the manly independence of his writings and in his character of Lord Edward—this trait of defending the weak against the strong—was as inherent and as much a living force in his own character as it was practical and active in that of the man he so quently delineates and portrays.

Such, we think, are the great characteristics, the keynotes of his own character, as depicted by himself in his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

The book was rather coldly received in some quarters where he thought it would be more warmly welcomed. Copies of the work sent to the Duke of Leinster and Lady Campbell failed to elicit a notice or even an acknowledgment of any description. His Whig friends seemed to have grown colder, and Moore had sufficient knowledge of human nature, and especially of human nature as shown in political intrigues and the gilded scions of noble houses, not to have detected it. He even speaks in a strain of bitterness of the apathetic indifference which his Whig friends have lately manifested.

"What my Whig friends will think or say of the book I know not and, I must say, do not much care. The insight I got into the views and leanings of the party during my last visit to town has taken away much of my respect for them as a political body, and changed my opinion of some as private men. I am convinced that there is just as much selfishness and as much low party spirit among them generally as among the Tories, without any of that tact in concealing the offensiveness of these qualities which a more mellowed experience of power and its sweets gives to the Tories." Again he says: "Met Lord Holland at dinner at Lord John Russell's. Thought him at first colder to me than usual; but this might be fancy, and at all events no great matter."

So, Moore, it required you to have lived thirty years with and among politicians and ministers to find out the sincerity of their political faith and, doubtless, the sincerity of their friendship—which is only too often a cloak for political support—and be convinced at last that the sincerity of politicians is only hollow and cannot be trusted.

"My 'Lord Edward' was announced," says Moore, "as one of the articles in the *Quarterly*, to be abused of course; and this immediately after my dinings and junkettings with both editor and publisher! Having occasion to write to Murray, sent him the following squib:

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS

No, editors don't care a button
What false and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took;
Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him!

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;
And yet the ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot
With bards of fame like Hogg and Packwood,
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after a still worse of "Blackwood."

Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quarterly?'
So kind, with bumper in thy fist—
With pen so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret."

The "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" produced great excitement in Ireland, especially in the north, of which Neilson was a native, and to whom the northerns thought an injustice had been done by Moore in his work, inasmuch as they believed that the poet represented Neilson as having be-

"So wholly," said Moore,

"have they lost sight of the original passage which set them agoing that they now represented me as having *accused* Neilson of betraying Lord Edward, whereas I merely mentioned his being suspected of it; and they show there were no sufficient grounds for such suspicion."

Moore had many letters on the subject of the memoir. He had one from Hamilton Rowan, which was "civil and gratifying." Shiel transmitted him one also from Dr Doyle on the same matter, in which that prelate said that Moore had a far better right than Swift to be called "Ireland's Glory." The king of the French wrote him with reference to the claim of relationship which Lady Edward was supposed to have borne to the family of Orleans. This supposed relationship was denied by the king, who with Madame Adelaide desired him to put the matter right in the next edition.

To the letter of Hamilton Rowan on the subject of Lord Edward's betrayal by Neilson Moore addressed the following letter:

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE,
December 21, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,—However much I may have felt the injustice with which some persons have treated me on the subject to which your letter refers, I am far more than compensated for it by the honour and pleasure which it has been the means of bringing me in the communication I have just received from you—a person, allow me to say, whom as far back almost as I can remember anything, I remember having always looked to with the fondest respect.

"I beg you to accept my best thanks for the letter of Neilson which you have sent me, and any other communications on the subject of Ireland

with which you may have it in your power to favour me will be most thankfully received.

Yours, my dear sir, very truly,
THOMAS MOORE."

The friends of Neilson had yet to be satisfied in reference to the passage in the "Life of Lord Edward," and Moore, unwilling to raise any angry feelings, decided to alter the offending passage in the next edition.

The paragraph where the poet refers to the arrest of Lord Edward states that Samuel Neilson (who left the room a few minutes before the arrest) "was supposed to be the party who betrayed him; but Moore also states that he did not believe Neilson guilty of the treachery." In the American edition of Moore's work Dr Macnevin regrets the appearance of the passage, and goes on to say that its appearance is "the more to be regretted as Moore is not only a delightful writer, but is bold and honest enough to speak the truth when he knows it."

On the same subject Moore spoke out his mind through the *Freeman's Journal* of the time in no uncertain way, and by his manly letter showed that he wished not to cast any aspersions upon Neilson's character but would endeavour in the next edition, if only authentic particulars were furnished him of the man's life, "to do full justice to his memory."

The following is the letter which appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* alluded to above:

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE,
November 29, 1831.

SIR,—Having just seen the *Freeman's Journal* of the 26th of this month, in which notice is taken of a late attack upon me in the *Northern Whig* on account of some passages in my 'Life of Lord

Edward Fitzgerald' relative to Mr Neilson, I think it right to trouble you with a few words on the subject. In the first place I have to thank you for having laid before your readers the actual paragraph of my work which has provoked all their animadversion. Had some of those who had taken the trouble to write about that paragraph given themselves also the preliminary trouble of *reading* it, they would have seen that so far from originating any suspicion against Neilson, I but stated what was quite true, that such a suspicion existed, and then expressed my own opinion that there were not sufficient grounds for it.

"To come, however, to what is after all my main object—truth—I can only say that, if the friends of Mr Neilson will, instead of thus arraigning me so angrily before the public, do me the favour to furnish me, through some private medium, with such authentic particulars of that brave but rash man's life as may not only account for the 'incoherences' of conduct which I have noticed in him, but give me the power of tracing his whole active career, it shall not be my fault if full justice be not done to his memory, both in the 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald' (should another edition be called for), and still more fully in that part of my 'History of Ireland' in which the momentous period of 1798 will be included.

I am, sir, your obliged servant,
THOMAS MOORE."

It is much to be regretted that Moore could not find the opportunity he spoke of in his "History of Ireland" of rendering full justice to Neilson's memory. After the fourth volume of his "History" appeared, the work ceased, leaving the story of the 'momentous period of 1798" as well as the history of the last three centuries still unwritten. The

"next edition" of the "Life of Lord Edward" found the passage that gave offence expunged with an expression of regret of wounding the feelings of the female relatives of Neilson, whom he describes as "brave and true in his devotion to the cause for which his all was sacrificed."

Before concluding this chapter we may avail ourselves of the opportunity of here appending Moore's estimate of the character of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:

"Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity, and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light. It is Lord Bacon, I believe, who remarks that the minds of some men resemble those ill-arranged mansions in which there are numerous small chambers, but no one spacious room. With Lord Edward the very reverse was the case, his mind being to the whole extent of its range thrown open, without either partitions or turnings, and a direct singleness, as well as power of aim, being the actuating principle of his understanding and his will.

"As son, friend, lover, husband and father, Lord Edward may be said to have combined all that most adorns and endears such ties.

"Amongst those traits of character which adorned him as a member of social life, there is one which is on every account far too important not to be brought prominently forward in any professed picture of him, and this was the strong and pure sense he entertained of religion. So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon

freedom of thought in politics to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles was combined with a warm and steady belief in the doctrines of Christianity.

"There are persons, the bias of whose thoughts and feelings render them incapable of considering the noble subject of these pages in any other light than that of a rebel against legitimate authority, and as such politically excluded from the circle of their sympathies. But not so does the feeling of mankind in general requite the generous martyrs of the common cause, and even where contemporaries have been unjust, Time, the great vindicator of those who struggle for the right, seldom fails to enforce a due atonement to their memories."

CHAPTER XVI

GERALD GRIFFIN'S VISIT TO SLOPERTON

IN 1832 the "Reform Bill" became law, and while giving the franchise to large centres of population in England and Scotland which had never before returned members of parliament, and disfranchising old boroughs, very little, if any, was done in Ireland in creating new seats or disfranchising old ones. The proportions of representation had been fixed by the Act of Union. After the passing of the "Reform Bill" much political activity was going on in this country. The repeal of the Union, which had long lain dormant, had now assumed life and vigour. The agitation for repeal had now become a force in the land, and every-day brought recruits and new accessions within its ranks. This movement, with O'Connell at its head, which had grown to such proportions in such an incredibly short space of time, had been primarily established in 1830 under the name of "Society of the Friends of Ireland." The irritation which it had roused and was rousing amongst both Whigs and Tories in England brought the movement under the suspicion of the government.

The meetings and the exciting proceedings which were weekly occurring alarmed the Liberal administration so much that it became a necessity to put a stop to the proceedings of the movement and proclaim all meetings under the Act passed some time before for suppressing illegal associations. The "Society of the Friends of Ireland" was at

once dissolved, and it was succeeded by the "Anti-Union Association" which meant repeal of the Union and restoration of the Irish Parliament. The meetings in support of the principles of the "Anti-Union Association" met with the same fate as the erstwhile association from which it had sprung. The first meeting under the Anti-Union Association was "proclaimed," and O'Connell, notwithstanding, decided not to submit, and held the meeting which he, as a lawyer, declared was perfectly legal and constitutional. He was forthwith arrested, with others, and brought before a magistrate, when bail was required of them. O'Connell was now the hero of the hour, and after leaving the magistrate's room a great crowd met him, when the great agitator, in the course of a great and telling speech against the government, exclaimed: "Yesterday I was only half an agitator, to-day I am a whole one! Day and night will I now strive to fling off despotism to redeem my country, to repeal 'the Union.'"

The prosecution was next taken up. O'Connell, guided by an almost infallible judgment, allowed judgment to go by default, or in other words pleaded guilty to almost all the counts in the indictment, knowing well that if he did not do so he would be brought before a jury, who would *not fail* to bring in a verdict of guilty. He was, however, never called up for sentence. The agitator had been wanted elsewhere, and the government did not press for sentence or the execution of it.

The Whig ministry were, at the time, straining every nerve to secure the passing of the Reform Bill, and the services of O'Connell and his party, as allies of the Whigs, were of the most vital and paramount importance at this juncture. Legal proceedings then went no further, and O'Connell and his associates were allowed to go free.

For the repeal of the Union and the political crisis which it had now occasioned, it was necessary that all legitimate agencies should be set at work for the furtherance of the object in view; and above all able representatives of whose political integrity there was no doubt were required for the representation of Irish constituencies in the House of Commons. O'Connell, with the country at his back, might work wonders for the cause of repeal in the House of Commons if he had a strong party, and a party that could be relied on, when measures of vital interest and national importance would come up for discussion. About the latter end of June of this year, Spring Rice, who was member for Limerick, had expressed a wish to a friend, adding also that it was the wish of the existing ministry that Moore should be approached and asked whether he would consent to become a candidate for the representation of one of the Limerick constituencies. The hint had been conveyed to the poet, who thus records in his diary what he thought of the matter:

"The government are, however, mistaken if they think they might count upon me as a supporter of Irish matters. I can already foresee I should be against them tooth and nail." O'Connell, in a letter marked "confidential," wrote to him on July 4 in reference to the matter. The purport of the letter was that there was no doubt of the poet's return for Limerick, but that an impression had also got abroad that, if Moore were returned, he would most likely follow his friend Lord Lansdowne in political matters; and in order to disabuse the people's mind of such an impression it was necessary that the bard should declare his political sentiments. In reply to O'Connell's letter Moore made no hesitation as to the line of politics he intended to pursue. "If I *did* come into parlia-

ment," he says, "it would not be to follow the track of Lord Lansdowne or any other man's politics, but to maintain Irish liberties and Irish interests at all risks and against all ministers." "I then added," exclaims the poet, "that having thus answered for myself as far as regarded English influence, I must say to him who embodied in his own person all Irish influence, that of *him* also, in the event of coming into parliament, I must keep myself equally independent, and, in short, to repeat his own words in his letter, 'be bound to no *man* or *party whatever*.'"

Next day Moore had a letter from John Scully stating that the people of Cashel were still more *eager* to have him as their representative than were the people of Limerick. Scully went on to show that out of the 200 odd seats which the "Reform Bill" would have created 150 at least were already secured for the poet; and that, if he only presented himself, he was strongly of opinion his success was certain.

In the end of August Moore met O'Connell at Bristol, where they had some conversation on the election for Limerick and the disposition of the people there towards the bard. It was to be feared, at least the people thought so, that, if Moore were elected, he might act only as a mere nominee of Lord Lansdowne, with whom he was on terms of great friendship; and in order to put the matter right with the agitator and the people, Moore expressed to O'Connell that he doubted very much whether Lord Lansdowne, knowing as he did the drift of the poet's political opinions, would be disposed to give *him* his interest in Limerick, and most certainly, said Moore, "*I* should not be disposed to ask him for it." "The contemptuous snap," said the poet, "he gave of his fingers when I mentioned Lord Lansdowne's interest in Limerick was but too expressive, I fear, of the real facts of

the case; i.e., of the impotence of *any* lord's interest anywhere opposed to himself and the people."

In September Moore had a letter from Dr Griffin of Limerick, informing him that the election committee which they had formed there would command 1,500 or 2,000 votes, and that they waited but for his consent to send him a public invitation. To this letter of Dr Griffin's the following is part of Moore's reply:

"For myself, I *will* say with Grattan in 1810 that 'having been an enemy to the extinguishment of the Irish parliament I must be a friend to its restoration,' but I will also add, with Grattan, that 'such a proposition in parliament to be either prudent or possible must be called for and backed by the Irish nation.'"

Moore, however, refused to accept the offer of the representation of Limerick on the grounds of "want of means," although the generous and warm-hearted people of the city were about to raise a fund by subscription for the purpose of purchasing a small estate for him, which would bring in an annuity of £400. Hearing, however, of the project that was on foot, Moore, more than ever, became more decided in his refusal. His letter to Dr Griffin, who called upon him for his decision, certainly reflects great credit on the writer for the expression of the manly sentiments contained therein. The letter runs thus:

"Expressing all the gratitude which I could not but feel at their generous offer, I added that, while it removed the difficulty which I had alleged on the score of want of means it was attended with a difficulty of another kind still more insurmountable. To receive such a popular tribute *after* the performance of parliamentary services would, I

said, be as honourable to him who accepted as to them who gave it; but to be thus rewarded *beforehand*, to go into parliament their feed counsel, and even in my heartiest efforts for their cause to be exposed to the suspicion—tarnishing even when unjust—that I derived my inspiration from my rent-roll, and was at best 'a labourer worthy of his hire;' this, I said, was a situation in which *neither* for their sakes nor my *own* was it advisable that I should place myself. However generously and honourably both the parties concerned might enter into such a transaction, there was but too much danger, constituted as this world is, of its ending in disappointment to one of the parties and perhaps disgrace to the other."

Notwithstanding this letter of refusal the Limerick people were determined to have Moore, if possible, for their member, and with this object in view they appointed and sent two influential citizens to Sloperton to have a personal interview with the poet on the matter.

Gerald Griffin, poet and novelist, was about to leave his native place this year for London, and it was resolved that he and his brother Daniel "should convey to the poet of Ireland the invitation of the people of Limerick." The author of the "Collegians," that "striking novel," as Moore calls it, thus describes his visit to Sloperton in a letter to his Quaker lady friend:

"MY DEAR L——,—Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes after our first sight and speech of the Irish melodist, I opened my writing-case to give L—— an account of our day's work; then I put it off I believe till morning; then, as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell

you about it at full leisure; then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded, for the season at least; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat and unprofitable. Oh, dear L——, I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me 'get out of his way,' as the King of France did to the man who boasted that His Majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me and to ask me, 'How I did, Mr Griffin?" and to speak of 'my fame.' *My* fame. Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L——, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and, perhaps, he had pity on my long, melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, 'I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant if I can,' for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him? But you want to know all about it, step by step, if not for the sake of your poor, dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening—I forget the exact time—and ordered tea (for which, by-the-by, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine at Bath or Bristol), when the waiter—a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements—brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied

in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling, but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us how it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and, besides, it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter; out came the important question, 'How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?' 'Sloperton, sir? that's Mr Moore's place, sir; *he is a poet, sir.* We do all Mr Moore's work.' What ought I to have done, L——? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know, and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage—a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted, and knocked at the hall-door; and there was a dead silence and we whispered to one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L——, there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—'The Veiled Prophet,' 'Azim,' 'She is far from the Land,' 'Those Evening Bells.' But the door opened,

and a young woman appeared. 'Is Mr Moore at home?' 'I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?' Well, not to be too particular, we were shown upstairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half-opened and stuffed with letters, a piano, also open, at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of 'Alps in the sunset'; not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? And how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us he always wrote walking; and how we came in again and took luncheon; and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company); and how he walked

with us through the fields, and wished us a 'good-bye,' and left us to do as well as we could without him?"

Moore found it impossible to accede to the proposal of which the brothers Griffin were the bearers from the electors of Limerick. Before they came to Sloperton, the poet had pencilled in his pocket-book a rough sketch of the reply which he had intended to send to the Limerick Union, and submitted it to the delegates for their approval. "This done," said Moore, "I saw them across the fields on their way to Devizes, and the warm-hearted fellows parted from me, I must say, with tears in their eyes."

The following is a copy of the address or sketch for the Limerick Union alluded to above, which, owing to its interesting nature and the manly and honourable sentiments contained in it, we make no apology for transcribing here:

"SLOPERTON COTTAGE,
November 8, 1832.

GENTLEMEN,—I have to acknowledge with every feeling of respect and gratitude, the requisition so numerously signed which I have this day had the honour of receiving from you. Already had I been in a great degree prepared for such a call by a correspondence in which I have been engaged with one of your fellow-citizens, and which, though but preliminary to the decisive step which has now been taken, had put me fully in possession of the kind feelings entertained towards me by the greater portion of the enlightened electors of your city.

"To know that even a thought of selecting me as their representative had once entered into the contemplation of persons like yourselves, so well qualified by a zealous sense of the value of liberty to judge of the requisites of those to whom such

a trust should be confided would in itself have been a source of pride and gratification to my mind; you may judge therefore what my feelings are on receiving so signal a proof both in the cordial and unsought-for requisition which has this morning reached me, and in those further proceedings which I understand you meditate, that the honour you did me in selecting my name from among the many offered to you, was no light or transient compliment, but that you deliberately think me worthy of being the representative of your interests in the great crisis, as well for England as for Ireland, which is now approaching.

"But, gentlemen, rarely in this life can so high and bright a position as that in which your offer now places me be enjoyed without its opposing shadow; and in proportion to the pleasure, the triumph which I cannot but feel at this manifestation of your opinion, placing as it does within my reach a post of honour which I have so often in the ambition of my young days sighed for, in proportion to my deep and thorough sense of the distinction you would thus confer upon me, is the pain with which I am compelled reluctantly to declare that I cannot accept it. The truth, plainly told, is, that my circumstances render such an appropriation of my time impossible; not even for a single session could I devote myself to the duties of parliament without incurring considerable embarrassment. To the labour of the day, in short, am I indebted for my daily support; and though it is by being content with this lot that I have been able to preserve that independence of mind which has now so honourably and, I may be allowed to boast, in so many quarters won for me the confidence of my fellow-countrymen, it is not the less an insuperable impediment to the acceptance of the high honour you offer me.

"I am not unaware, as I have already intimated, hat, in your strong and generous desire to remove his only obstacle which you know opposed itself to ny compliance with your wishes, you have set on oot a national subscription for the purpose, as you 'ourselves express it, of providing me with the ualification necessary for a member of the House f Commons. This proof of your earnestness in the ause I feel, both on public and private grounds, nost sensibly. But, however honourable I might leem such a gift after the performance of services n parliament, I see objections to it which to me are nsurmountable. Were I obliged to choose which hould be my direct paymaster, the government or ne people, I should say without hesitation the eople; but I prefer holding on my free course, umble as it is, unpurchased by either; nor shall the less continue, as far as my limited sphere of ction extends, to devote such powers as those with hich God has gifted me to that cause which has ways been uppermost in my heart, which was y first inspiration, and shall be my last—the ause of Irish freedom.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
Your faithful and devoted servant,
THOMAS MOORE."

Moore's address to the electors of Limerick was he great talk of the time. Everybody seemed to ave been taken with it. Corry, in a letter to the oet, even encloses the opinions of various persons n reference to the address. Bellew says "Moore's ddress does him infinite honour." The Chief ustice Bush writes, "I rejoice with you at Moore's arewell; he was right; what would the Muse do n a Pandemonium?" William Curran says, "I oin most heartily with you in your admiration of Moore's address; it breathes the dignity of the

bard and the spirit of the gentleman, the latter rather a novelty of late here."

After informing Dr Griffin of the almost insurmountable difficulty to his accepting the representation of Limerick, Moore had a letter from his friend Archy Douglas, who was then on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Cloncurry, in reference to the representation of Trinity College. Douglas's letter was apparently written at the instigation of Lord Anglesey, who was then Lord Lieutenant, and was couched in the following words :

"Lord Cloncurry told me that he had just come from Lord Anglesey, who expressed himself *most anxious* that *you should* start for the college, and that you should be supported by all the government interest, which must be considerable in particular with the bar. All expectants for appointments in the law would, of course, go with the government, and as to my profession I think you might reckon on a fair support. I feel there is no constituency by whom you could be returned to parliament on whom you have so graceful and well-founded claims as Trinity College, Dublin. Your distinguished career in that university, of which you were one of the best ornaments, places your pretensions to its representation on high grounds. By the long conversation I had with Lord Cloncurry on the subject, he seems to think Lord Anglesey is most anxious to have you represent the college."

Moore, in answer to Douglas's letter, stated that he was deeply grateful of the honour which Lord Anglesey did him in considering him worthy of such a representation and such patronage, and respectfully declined the honour on the same grounds as he had done the Limerick invitation, viz., limited means [illegible] estion of limited means as a bar

o his coming into parliament might imply that, if ıis circumstances allowed, he might be very willing o have accepted the proposition. And Moore, not ıeing thoroughly in accord with the principles ınd administration of the government so far as it elated to Ireland, qualified his non-acceptance by ırther stating that "even if this objection did not xist, I feel that, with the views I entertained, it vould be hardly possible for me to come into ıarliament under the sanction of the present ;overnment;" adding, "when I say the *present* ;overnment, I must mean, I fear, *any* government, ɔr where they fail, how can I hope that others will ıcceed? But as long as the principle on which reland is at present governed shall continue to be ɔted upon, I can never consent to couple my name, ımble as it is, with theirs."

With his address to the electors of Limerick, ıd with such a noble and outward profession of .s political principles as that contained in his tter to his friend Douglas, Moore bade farewell ı any intention he ever entertained of entering ırliamentary life.

CHAPTER XVII

MOORE AND O'CONNELL

THE dawn of the year 1833 saw Moore in correspondence with Lardner respecting the Irish History, which he was to write for his Cyclopædia. At this he earnestly set to work. The agitation for repeal of the Union was steadily progressing, together with the resistance of the farmers to the levying of tithes—a proceeding which the people were so determined to resist that O'Connell even declared in parliament, "The Irish people are determined to get rid of tithes, and get rid of them they will." The government consequently took alarm, and Lord Grey introduced his Coercion Bill. The Bill was supported by the Tories, and eventually, without much anxiety on the part of the government, became law. The Coercion Bill, such as we have been only too familiar with even in our own time, contained the usual powers and penalties, viz., suppression and dispersion of meetings which might be deemed dangerous to the public peace; proclamation of suspected districts by the Lord Lieutenant, which in those days also meant remaining within doors from one hour after sunset until sunrise, and proclaimed districts were also subject to martial law. Offenders were to be tried by court martial, and all "officers of justice" and others on "military duty" could in those proclaimed districts enter, without further authority, houses at any hour and search for arms and ammunition. Such were the provisions of the enactments for the government of this country, as passed by the British

egislature, and so well carried into effect by the arties entrusted with their administration, that the eople were harassed, tortured, sometimes even ne to death on the slightest provocation under ıe semblance of law and order. Atrocities of every escription were the order of the day. Even the umanity of British civilization and British refine-ıent, which could abolish the same year negro avery at the cost of £20,000,000 sterling to the ation, could subscribe itself to no other humanizing ıfluence in Ireland except suppressing peaceful ieetings, repressing the expression of opinion, sus-ending the writ of Habeus Corpus and passing oercion Acts; in fine the crushing of the very ınate spirit of liberty and independence born with .l men, whether in palace or in hovel. And it is ɔt pushing the language of hyperbole too far to ıy that out of these cruel exactions grew a state of :ter distrust, a state of utter hopelessness, a state of elplessness; so much so that the whole country ecame paralyzed with fear under such gloomy and ɔpressive measures. Well might Moore write in ıe February of this year: "Towards the latter ıd of the month my peace was very much dis-rbed by this new Algerine Act of my friends the Whigs against Ireland, the Coercion Act." In this onth some verses against the late Coercion Act, ıtitled "Paddy's Metamorphosis," appeared in the ondon *Times* from Moore's pen, and attracted con-derable attention; so much so that Lord John ussell, in a letter to the poet the day after they ɔpeared, writes as follows:

"DEAR MOORE,—Here is for your "Black nd woolly already,"* if it be yours; more sense, ıough less poetry.—Yours truly, J. R."

* The burden of my verses.

LORD JOHN'S VERSES

"The Irish——"

In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,
Clear, large and resplendent, ennobled the shrine
Where the faithful in multitudes flock'd to adore;
And the emerald was pure, and the saint was divine.

But the priest who attended the altar was base,
And the faithful who worshipped besotted and blind;
He put a green glass in the emerald's place,
And the multitude still in mute worship inclin'd.

So Ireland had once a fair gem of pure water,
When Grattan and Charlemont wept with her sorrow;
But a token of glass her new patriots have brought her—
'Tis a jewel to-day—'twill be shivered to-morrow.

In London, where Moore had been for some time past, the Coercion Bill was the main topic of discussion in all the clubs, and was in fact the all-absorbing subject of conversation in the political life of the city. The action of the government and the opposition was no less criticized than the Bill itself. The gentlemen at Brooke's were angry with Abercromby voting against the Court Martial clauses of the Bill. In reference to Abercromby's vote Moore writes to Hobhouse: "I take him to my heart for it; but I suppose you are all in a rage with him."

The advanced Radicals viewed the Bill in another light. Talking of the measure and the feeling of the House of Commons towards Ireland, one of Moore's advanced Radical friends says: "I am now convinced that repeal won't do, and that it must be separation." "I always considered them identical questions," replied the poet, "and my great difficulty in espousing repeal publicly (that is in parliament) would have been to conceal (if I could have concealed) the consciousness, or rather conviction, there is in my mind that one would be followed by the other as

aturally and necessarily as night is by day-ght." To hazard a decision on such a mo-ıentous question as involved above we feel is carcely within our province in such a narrative s the present, but we leave our political readers, /ho may, perhaps, be gifted with more political ısight and more political philosophy to criticize ınd draw their own inferences.

On Moore's return from London he met Lady Talletort, whom he had met some time previously n London society, and her child and an Irish ıurse, at Marlborough. They were on their way o Windsor to show the king his little godson ıefore they left England. It is related of this rish nurse that when she came to take charge f the child she asked one of the servants its ıame, and was told "Mr Edgecumbe." "Faith, hen," she answered, "it's the smallest gentleman o be called a *Mister* that ever I set my eyes on."

The last of the Melodies was published in the ear 1834, and the verses,

> The dream of those days
> When first I sung thee is o'er.

aused no little excitement among the adherents ınd followers of O'Connell. Even the effect they ›roduced upon the great agitator himself was elec-rical. The effect they had upon O'Connell cannot ›e better described than Lyne, an Irish barrister, lescribes it in a letter to Moore:

"Private and confidential.
July 12, 1834.

MY DEAR MOORE,—I have this moment been with O'Connell, and found him in a state of in-lescribable excitement at the perusal of one of your ast Melodies—air, 'I love you above all the rest.' He construes it to contain, as levelled against him,

a charge of 'dishonour' and ingratitude in return for the blessings of Emancipation. I have endeavoured to put everything *mitiore sensu*, but in vain. He continues to almost rave at what he considers a most foul attack upon him. The *note* is what seems to gall him most. Would that you could send me an alleviating word of explanation.

Believe me, dear Moore,
Most truly and sincerely yours,
CORNELIUS LYNE."

Moore, in answer to Lyne's letter, stated that he was not surprised at O'Connell's feelings over the reading of the verses, for, he says, he felt them deeply himself when writing them. It is only when the poet's heart is wrung with sorrow or moved by joy that he can produce verses that may become immortal. From this we may take it that genius is associated more or less—that is, poetic genius—with the emotional as well as the intellectual side of man's nature.

"The verses were wrung from me," writes Moore to Lyne, "by a desire to put on record (in the only work of mine likely to reach after time) that though going along, heart and soul with the great cause of Ireland, I by no means went with the spirit or the manner in which that cause had been for a long time conducted. You will recollect," continued Moore, "that these verses are addressed to Ireland; but I admit that O'Connell had every right to take them directly to himself, as he is, and has been for a long time, to all public intents and purposes, Ireland; and I look upon this as one of the most fatal consequences of his extraordinary career. In a great degree by the predominance of his talents, but, at least in an equal degree, by other qualities, he has cleared

away from around him all independent and really public spirited co-operators, and stands alone, the mighty unit of a legion of cyphers; as, without meaning any offence to him, I must consider the great majority of those who now support him in parliament. This alone is in itself sufficient to lower the standard of public men in Ireland; but there is also another point on which, giving him full credit for moral and conscientious scruples on the subject, I cannot help thinking that O'Connell has done more to lower the once high tone of feeling in Ireland, both public and private, than a whole life of political service even such as his can repair. But neither on this nor on some other points which occur to me shall I now dwell any further than merely to say that in those verses, such as they are, *liberavi animam meam*, and that I shall not the less continue to declare, as I have ever done, my own warm and deep admiration of O'Connell's talents and energy, and my ardent wishes for his success in every measure by which I think the *real* interests of Ireland will be benefited."

Moore felt that the immense power which O'Connell held from the position in which he was placed could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise than abused; and as he had during his life fought against the abuse of power, he would fight against it to the end. "It was on this principle," he adds, "that I have lately turned against some of my most valuable and still-valued friends, because I saw that power had perverted their better natures and that they were not the same men *with* it as *without*."

The poet, while apparently anticipating what his attack upon O'Connell would lead to as far as his own popularity with his countrymen was concerned, was, nevertheless, desirous of preserving his fame, his political consistency, his independence and his

patriotism; for he, a day or two after, records the the following in his diary: "My sortie upon O'Connell will be no small trial of the grounds I stand upon with my countrymen. My own opinion is that it will throw me into the shade for some time; but there will perhaps be the more *light* upon my *grave* for it afterwards, if that's any comfort."

That O'Connell felt the attack upon him by Moore there can be little doubt. Mrs Meara, a friend of Moore's and also a friend of Fitzsimons (O'Connell's brother-in-law), had heard from the latter that he had never seen the great agitator so suddenly or so violently agitated as he had seen him when reading Moore's verses.

"This tells well for Dan," says the poet, "and I have little doubt that he himself in his calmer moments feels ashamed of the mountebankism to which his position somewhat drives him."

Lyne, in writing to Moore again on the subject, expressed the regret he felt on finding that the poet "identified O'Connell with those pseudo-patriots whom he so severely and eloquently denounced;" but the bard reminded the writer that it *was* the *manner* of conducting the cause and not the intentions, nor the want of sincerity he denounced and exposed. And the poet again says, "A gallant and intelligent friend of mine, in writing to me lately, says: 'O'Connell is working well; it were to be wished that he did his work in a nobler manner; but still he does it.' This (I added) is perhaps, after all the true state of the case, and it is very possible that no other manner of working the cause would be half so effective. But I don't like it, nor ever have I liked it, since that disgraceful day, as I must ever consider it, when O'Connell knelt with his wreath before George IV."

Thus ends the political storm between the poet

the great agitator; and even at this lapse of
, with all the facts, the evil and the good re-
; before us, he would, indeed, be wise who
d impartially decide the question at issue be-
:n the poet and the politician. In the language
ddison, "Much can be said on both sides."

CHAPTER XVIII

TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

WHEN Moore's book on the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion" was published, much curiosity was excited as to whether the author was a Catholic or a Protestant. In some cases the hero of a book may be strongly identified with that of the author, but in Moore's case the hero was evidently fictitious. In reference to the curiosity and wonder that were excited relative to Moore's religion, and to Moore himself as the hero of the book, the poet thus answers the questioning of one of the readers of the work: "It is an odd thing that people will identify an author with his hero, let the hero be ever so obviously and (in this case) declaredly a fictitious one. I am not (unluckily for myself) one or two-and-twenty like my 'gentleman,' nor do I live up two pairs of stairs in Trinity College; nor have I been to Germany to consult Scratchenback. Why the deuce then must *I be*, or have *done*, any of the other things that my Irish hero *was* or *did*? All I have said in the book of the superiority of the Roman Catholic religion over the Protestant in point of antiquity, authority and consistency I most firmly and conscientiously believe; being convinced that the latter faith is but a departure and schism widening more and more every day from the system of Christianity professed by those who ought to know most about the matter, namely, the earliest Christians. Thus far my views

agree with those of my hero, and I was induced to put them so strongly upon record from the disgust I feel and have ever felt at the arrogance with which most Protestant parsons assume to themselves and their followers the credit of being the only true Christians and the insolence with which weekly from their pulpits, they denounce all Catholics as idolaters and anti-Christ."

The work, no doubt, discloses the fact that Moore as a controversial writer was much to be feared. His knowledge of the winding subtlety of Scripture had not been superficial; and the manner in which he had sketched the "progress of rationalism in Germany" showed a masterly and profound acquaintance with his subject. Modern and ancient ecclesiastical learning was ransacked for ideas and opinions; and every day life contributed its own quota in homely illustration to carry conviction home to the mind of the reader.

The hero of the book is a Catholic student in Trinity College who had been wishing for some time for some "respectable reason" to change his religion, when to his delight the Emancipation Bill had become law, thus lessening the fear he previously entertained of becoming a Protestant, because hitherto his change of creed might be set down not to conviction but to "worldly gain." His fears were now set at rest, and he became a Protestant. Moore thus introduces his "Irish Gentleman" to his readers:

"It was on the evening of April 16, 1829—the very day on which the memorable news reached Dublin of the royal assent having been given to the Catholic Relief Bill—that, as I was sitting alone in my chambers, up two pairs of stairs, in Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting 'seven millions' thus liberated, I started suddenly, after

a few moments' reverie, from my chair, and taking a stride across the room, as if to make a trial of a pair of emancipated legs, exclaimed, 'Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant.' The reader will see at once in this short speech the entire course of my thoughts at that moment of exultation. I found myself free, not only from the penalties attached to being a Catholic, but from the point of honour which had till then debarred me from anything else. Not that I had indeed ever much paused to consider in what the faith I professed differed from others. I was as yet young—but just entered into my twenty-first year. The relations of my creed with this world has been of too stirring a nature to leave me much thought to bestow on its concernments with the next; nor was I yet so much of the degenerate Greek in my taste as to sit discussing what was the precise colour of the light of Mount Thabor when that 'light of life,' liberty, was itself to be struggled for. I had, therefore, little other notion of Protestants than as a sect of gentlemanlike heretics, somewhat scanty in creed, but in all things else rich and prosperous, and governing Ireland according to their will and pleasure by right of some thirty-nine articles, of which I had not yet clearly ascertained whether they were articles of war or of religion. The Catholics, on the other hand, though myself one of them, I could not help regarding as a race of obsolete and obstinate religionists, robbed of everything but (what was, perhaps, least worth preserving) their creed, and justifying the charge brought against them of being unfit for freedom by having so long and so unresistingly submitted to be slaves. In short, I felt—as many other high-spirited young Papists must have felt before me—that I had been not only enslaved, but degraded, by belonging to race; and though, had adversity still frowned

n our faith, I would have clung to it to the last, nd died fighting for Transubstantiation and the ope with the best, I was not sorry to be saved ıe doubtful glory of such martyrdom. And much s I rejoiced at the release of my fellow-sufferers ·om thraldom, rejoiced still more at the prospect f my own release from *them*. While such was the tate of my feelings with respect to the *political* earings of my creed, I saw no reason, on regard- ıg it in a religious point of view, to feel much ıore satisfied with it. The dark pictures I had ɜen so invariably drawn, in Protestant pamphlets nd sermons of the religious tenets of popery, had ınk mortifyingly into my mind; and when I ad heard eminent, learned and, in the repute f the world, estimable men representing the ıith I had the misfortune to inherit as a system f damnable idolatry, whose doctrines had not ıerely the tendency but the prepense design to ncourage imposture, perjury, assassination and ll other monstrous crimes, I was already, I con- ɜss, prepared, by the opinions which I had my- ɜlf formed of my brother Papists, to be but too ·illing a recipient of such accusations against ıem for others. Though, as man and as citizen, I ɔse indignantly against these charges, yet, as atholic, I quailed inwardly under the fear that ıey were too true. In this state of mind it was ıat I had long looked forward to the great ıeasure of Emancipation, both as the closing of ıat old, bitter and hereditary contest in which ıe spiritual part of the question had been made ıbordinate to the temporal, and more particularly ɜ a release for myself from that scrupulous point f honour which had hitherto kept me wedded, 'for ɜtter, for worse,' to popery. The reader has now ɜen put in full possession of the meaning of that brupt exclamation which, as I have said, burst

from me on the evening of April 16, in my room up two pair of stairs, Trinity College; 'Thank God, I may now, if I like, turn Protestant.' No sooner had this pithy sentence broken from my lips, than I resumed my seat and plunged again into reverie. The college clock was, I recollect, striking eight at the time this absorption of my thinking faculties commenced, and the same orthodox clock had tolled the tenth hour before the question, 'Shall I, or shall I not, turn Protestant?' was in any fair train for decision. Even then it was owing very much to an accident, which some good people would call providential, that popery did not—for that evening, at least—maintain her ground. On the shelf of the book-case near me lay a few stray pamphlets, towards which, in the midst of my meditation I almost unconsciously put forth my hand, and taking the first that presented itself, found that I got hold of a small tract, in the form of a catechism against popery, published nearly a century ago, and called 'A Protestant's Resolution, showing his reasons why he will not be a Papist,' etc., etc. On opening the leaves of this tract, the first sentences that met my eyes were as follows:

Q.—"'What was there in the Roman religion that occasioned Protestants to separate themselves from it?'

A.—"'In that it was a superstitious, idolatrous, damnable, bloody, traitorous, blind, blasphemous religion.'

"This broadside of epithets at once settled the whole matter. What gentleman, indeed, thought I, could abide to remain longer in a faith to which, with any show of justice, such hard and indigestible terms could be applied? Accordingly, up

sprang I, for the second time, from my now *uneasy* chair, and brandishing aloft my clenched hand as if in defiance of the abomination of the Seven Hills, exclaimed, as I again paced about my chamber, with something of the ascendency strut already perceptible, 'I will be a Protestant.'"

Although the book had been criticized by all manner of critics, yet it appears to have safely stood the test of criticism without any of its arguments being materially shaken. In a letter from a priest of Prior Park, evidently belonging to a religious community (of which Lord Lansdowne said to Moore when they visited there, "If I had been a Protestant old lady, that place would have alarmed me not a little), he says, "In a hasty glance I have taken of your book, it struck me that you have adopted the common opinion in this country, of the doctrines of Spinoza being atheistical. Dugald Stewart, in his dissertation, prefixed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' is very indignant that a professor of theology (Dr Paulus) should have been the editor of his works (in 1802). The truth is that the doctrines of Spinoza, as well as those of a man of great genius, though more unfortunate, Giordano Bruno, are quite the reverse. As philosophical systems I might regret both, but not on account of their atheistical tendency."

The great display of such a fund of theological learning in the "Irish Gentleman" so charmed the great Dr Doyle that he says, "If St Augustine were more orthodox, and Scratchenback less plausible it is a book of which any one of us might be proud."

With this work Moore's writings on controversial subjects were brought to a close.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PENSION

THE Tory ministry under Sir Robert Peel which came into office on December 26, 1834, enjoyed the sweets of power only for a very short time indeed, for in April, 1835, the Tories lost dominion, and went out of office. Peel was succeeded by Viscount Melbourne as prime minister, and the secret hope which Moore always entertained of something being done for him by his Whig friends, might now be realized. The hope—the ardent hope—which he nursed during his earlier years, seemed to have cooled down considerably as he advanced in life. The hour for the realization of his hopes had now come, and so had the man.

Lord John Russell, who was home secretary in the Melbourne Administration, was now, with many of Moore's other influential friends who at the time held office, in a position to help the poet, and he accordingly lost no time after the ministry was formed in making a move in that direction.

In a letter to Moore, dated May, 1835, Lord John speaks as follows:

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I have been too busy since I last saw you to be able to write on any but public concerns. Having, however, a little time to spare to-day, I wish to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends. Still there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession.

"It has occurred to me, that a pension for one or both of your sons might be a source of comfort to you in days of sickness or lassitude. But, perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne upon it without consulting you. If you have anything else to suggest which is more agreeable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend and not as a minister."

Moore, in answer to this thoughtful letter, writes thus:

"My first feelings on receiving your letter yesterday were those of surprise, joy and thankfulness. I had long, indeed, given up those dreams which may in former days have haunted me with respect to my chances of being ever thought of by my great friends in the way of place or office, partly because time and circumstances have made me a difficult person to serve, and partly because I began to suspect that what Swift says in one of his letters might possibly be the truth. 'I never,' he says, 'knew a ministry do anything for those whom they had made the companion of their pleasures.' You have shown, however, that this is not the case; and I feel gratefully, I assure you, your kindness of thinking of my poor wants in the midst of so many cares and distractions of your own. With respect to the manner in which you propose to serve me by procuring pensions for my two boys, you have perhaps chosen the only mode of affording me pecuniary help which I should not instantly decline. I do not know whether I have told you, that when my father died, Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent very kindly to me to offer a pension for my mother. This, however,

coming, as it did, from a party adverse to my own political opinions, I thought it right to decline, and the Lansdownes, among others, were of opinion that my doing so was foolish. That I want help is but too true. I live from hand to mouth, and not always very sure that there will be anything in the *former* for the *latter*. You may have some notion of my means of going on when I tell you that for my last published volume I received £750, and that I was two years and a half employed upon it. You should not have been annoyed at this view of the interior, but for your own kind consideration of my wants; so you see what you have brought upon yourself. But to come to the point—to *be* or *not* to be a pensioner, that is the question. If only myself, or even my other self into the bargain, were concerned, I think I should not hesitate as to the answer I should give; but I confess the reponsibility of refusing such timely aid for my poor two boys is more than I can take upon myself to encounter. All I can say, therefore, at present is that I leave the matter entirely in your hands, begging you to think, feel and act for me in that capacity which you have always shown yourself so worthy to fill, of a sincere, warm friend. You may even, I think, call Lord Melbourne also into council, as I have known him at least long enough to count a little upon his good will. Whatever you and he think I *may* do, I *will* do. Ever," etc., etc.

The remembrance of Moore by his powerful friends seems now to have taken a "local habitation and a name."

Lord John Russell lost no time in making Viscount Melbourne acquainted with Moore's case, and the claim he had on the country for some recognition of the valuable services he had rendered to it and to literature.

In a letter to Lord John, Melbourne entertained the proposal suggested to him, but was of opinion that it would be much better to provide for Moore himself and let the sons shift for themselves. Thus Lord Russell writes to the poet, enclosing also Viscount Melbourne's letter:

"MY DEAR MOORE—I send you Melbourne's reply to my note enclosing yours. His reasons for preferring the father to the children are, perhaps, good; at all events I believe him to be strongly impressed with them, as he urged the same thing to me in conversation.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
J. RUSSELL."

The following is Lord Melbourne's letter to Lord John Russell:

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this: You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.

Believe, etc.,
MELBOURNE."

This year Moore visited Dublin to take part in the proceedings of the British Association. On his way to Dublin by Bath he met his old friend Corry at the last-mentioned place. The conversation

turned upon the poet's difference with O'Connell. The agitator, who had in the course of conversation with Corry some time previously on the O'Connell-Moore difference, got rid of Moore's part of the affair with great dexterity and adroitness, and complained that the poet had linked his attack upon the poor Catholics (as O'Connell chose to call it) with "immortal verse."

After Moore had received Lord Melbourne's assurance of something being done for him, Lord Russell offered him a post in the State Paper Office worth £300 a year, just rendered vacant by the death of the head clerk. Moore declined the appointment. After the reconstruction of the administration, Lord Lansdowne even pressed Moore's claims upon Lord Melbourne; so, when the proper time had arrived, none of the poet's friends appeared to have forgotten him. Fearing that Moore would have declined the pension as he had declined the vacancy in the State Paper Office, Lord Lansdowne made the poet acquainted with what he had been doing for him with the prime minister; and though he might partly agree with him in his non-acceptance of the State Paper Office appointment, yet, he felt sure, taking all circumstances into consideration, that nothing should prevent him from accepting whatever aid the government in their wisdom thought fit to offer him. Lord Lansdowne, thus writing to Moore on the subject, goes on as follows:

"Now let me implore of you to authorize me to bring this to a point. Let me ascertain whether, as I believe, the means now exist, and bring Melbourne to a point upon it. No human being can blame either the government for giving or you for accepting. The administration is one of a more popular character as respects your Irish opinions

han any which has existed or is likely to exist; ınd your literary reputation is so established that here is not a country under the sun where literary ewards as distinctions exist in which you would not ɔe recognized as the first and most deserving object ɔf them. I say nothing of your own particular eelings, but as far as public decision goes I speak nost confidently; indeed, much more so than I ;hould with respect to such an appointment as hat lately filled by Mr Lemon (chief clerk of State Paper Office), which was one of laborious detail. ndeed, though much hurried, I would not allow he day to pass without writing, and I will answer or Melbourne doing all that is possible; indeed, ohn told me he could now authorize me to say so listinctly.

Yours ever,
LANSDOWNE."

Moore, from this diplomatic letter, might have ıo fear on the score of patriotism in accepting any ɔffer or patronage the government might think ɔroper to bestow. The administration, as the ıdministrations of the time went, was yet the most ɔopular; and Moore's literary reputation was now so ;stablished—as Lord Lansdowne wisely said—that he cavil of public opinion and public bitterness and arping criticism under such independent influences night, it was hoped, be completely disarmed.

The poet arrived in Dublin in August, 1835, ınd visited his sister Ellen at 11, North Cumberand Street, where he remained during his stay in he city. It might well be supposed that Moore vould have wished to see the home at 12, Aungier Street, where he first saw the light, and where with ı mother's tenderness and a mother's love he grew ıp to man's estate. We cannot do better, even at he risk of wearying the attention of our readers, han give Moore's graphic description of his visit to

the old home of his nativity where he nursed his aspirations and his ideals:

"On accosting the man who stood at the door and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered, 'Yes'; but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and, seizing me by the hand, he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling: 'Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof.' He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing-rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter with its little closet where I remember such gay supper parties—both room and closet fuller than they could well hold—and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bed-rooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom in which the two apprentices slept, to form a bed-room for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed

the first nineteen or twenty years of my life may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say that, if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for as I remarked to Hume, who accompanied me, as we entered the shop: 'Only think, a grocer's still!' When we returned to the drawing-room there was the wife with a decanter of port and glasses on the table begging us to take some refreshment, and I with great pleasure drank her and her good husband's health. When I say the shop is still a grocer's I must add, for the honour of old times, that it has a good deal gone down in the world since then, and is of a much inferior grade of grocery to that of my poor father, who, by the way, was himself one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose and good breeding of manner by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished."

On August 15 the poet visited the theatre. The performance was selected at his own desire. The most fashionable, the most select and the most brilliant audience was present on the occasion, and hailed the bard with general acclamation. All enmities were forgotten; party spirit lay prostrate in admiration of his genius; the dead past buried its dead. Moore occupied a private box. Calls for his appearance were loud and incessant. The uproar was tremendous; the audience was impatient for a speech. The shouts from the galleries were similar to what we hear in our own time on great nights with a popular play with eminent and popular *artistes* in the caste. "Now, Tom, don't be shy!" "Show your Irish face, Tom! you needn't be ashamed of it"; and with the last ejaculation

the bard, in a fit of laughter, stretched forth from the box, and bowed his acknowledgments. The plaudits which greeted him when he left the box and took his place amongst his friends in the dress circle were deafening. The people stood up in the pit, and shouted with great vigour and enthusiasm, and evidently wanted the bard to make a speech. Seeing the impossibility of making his voice heard he quietly added that they could not doubt how much he appreciated their kindness—an honour the more to be esteemed from the high intelligence and intellectual character of those who surrounded him. He should *ever* be grateful to them for their kindness, and he should ever feel it. A few minutes after he took his leave amidst much hand-shaking and most cordial bows and cheers, and made his way to the carriage which was in waiting for him, and dashed off to the Park where he had been invited to stop by the Lord Lieutenant.

While in Dublin the poet had a letter from Lord Lansdowne intimating that the pension had been granted by the government and that the king had made no objection to the grant of an annual stipend of £300. The letter runs as follows:

"London, August 22.

MY DEAR MOORE,—I lost no time in getting the business completed after I got your answer to my letter, and the grant of £300 per annum is actually made, and has been mentioned by Lord Melbourne to the king, who made no objection. I should tell you it is the first pension granted since the administration has been reconstructed; and, together with one to the same amount to Lady Napier, whose husband died, as you know, in the public service in China, about to be granted, will exhaust the whole means now at the disposal of the government. Indeed, I hope, for the future,

pensions will speak for themselves, and only represent the merit of those who have them; and as such you must consider yours, which would be due from any government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends. I have no time for more. We see no prospect of escape at present, thanks to the House of Lords,

Yours, ever most truly,
LANSDOWNE."

The manner in which the pension was obtained, the way it was offered, the great tact and delicacy in the management of it throughout left nothing to be desired; and the poet would have indeed to be very sensitive if he could find anything whatever in the whole affair calculated to wound even the most tender of his susceptibilities and feelings. On the receipt of this letter he was so overjoyed that he at once scribbled a few lines to Bessy informing her of the good news.

CHAPTER XX

VISIT TO WEXFORD

ON August 26, 1835, the poet paid a visit to the "historic county of Wexford," his mother's native county; and the manner in which he was received there might well excite the envy of an emperor. On his way he visited the Vale of Avoca and the "Meeting of the Waters." It was this beautiful region which gave birth to that beautiful song, "There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet," which he composed when he last visited that enchanting district. It is much to be regretted that Moore did not, like Scott, connect more of his poetry with the beautiful scenery with which nature enriched his country with such a lavish hand. Poetry infused with the vitality of such associations would live for ever. Many opinions were, and are yet, afloat as to the exact spot where the poet stood when he composed that memorable song. Even William Parnell wrote to the bard many years after the song became public property with regard to the doubts which then existed as to where the poet located himself on that memorable occasion, he himself mentioning that he always understood it to be a seat belonging to himself which the poet sat on when he composed the verses, and begging of him to give an inscription of two lines to that effect to put on the seat:

"If you can't tell a lie for me," said he, "in *prose*, you will perhaps, to oblige an old friend, do it in verse."

The poet and William Parnell are no more, but the song, the abbey churchyard and the Vale of Avoca remain, and the "waters" as they meet still sing their never-ceasing lullaby.

"Nothing," says Moore, as he was passing through the Vale of Avoca, "could be more favourable than the weather during our drive through this lovely scene; and I confess I could not help looking upon it with a degree of *pride*, and almost *ownership*, feeling that any property in it might be perhaps durable as its waters. What would the squires have said if I had thus compared properties with them?"

In Wexford the poet met with a great reception. At Enniscorthy he was met by Mr Boyse, who was desirous that Moore should accompany him to his residence at the Grange, and there partake of his hospitality during his stay in the county. The bard's anxiety to see as much as possible of the county where his mother was born was in no way interfered with by Mr Boyse, who accompanied the poet and acted throughout as guide.

After leaving Enniscorthy, they travelled to Wexford in a chaise and four. They then visited the corn-market, where some reminiscences of the poet's family were yet to be seen. "Here, sir," cried out one old woman, "is the very house where your grandmother lived." "Nothing," said Moore, "could be more humble and mean than the little, low house which still remains to tell of the whereabouts of the family residence of bygone days, and it shows how independent nature is of mere localities that one of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted of all God's creatures that ever it has been my lot to know was born under that lowly roof."

From Wexford they set off to Bannow in gay style with a chaise and four dashing posters. As

they approached the Grange, it appears Mr Boyse had everything prearranged in the most imposing manner and with such artistic conception as to give the most imposing and felicitous appearance. A party of horsemen with green banners met the chaise near the Grange. Then came a detachment on foot, then carriages filled with ladies were drawn up on either side of the road, and, after the bard's chaise had passed, all followed in procession. Nor were these the only features of the poet's triumphal entry into the territory of his host. At the first triumphal arch a gaily decorated car with nine "remarkably pretty girls representing the nine muses" met the poet, and the most pretty of them there crowned the bard in the name of the goddess of poetry.

In advance of the car containing the nine muses was a band of amateur musicians dressed in a uniform of blue jackets and caps and white trousers. Triumphal arches, one after another, were passed, while the band played some of the poet's Irish Melodies. Amidst all this kindly display, this spontaneous outburst of feeling, this unqualified and warm cordiality, Grange House was at length reached, and amid all this hearty welcome, this weaving of chaplets of myrtle and laurel, these strains of music calculated to depress as well as to elevate, this coronation of the muses, "a feeling of deep sadness" as the poet himself says, "came over my heart more than once, whether it might have been," said he, "some of the Irish airs they played that called up mournful associations connected with the *reverse* of all this smiling picture, I know not, but so it was."

At the entrance gates to the Boyse mansion was a triumphal arch surrounded by a banner bearing the inscription, "Welcome to Bannow, welcome Tom Moore." Many other banners in

various colours with various devices were flying here and there about the grounds with various inscriptions written on them such as "He won them well, and may he wear them long;" "Tom Moore and Erin go Bragh"; "The Minstrel Boy"; "The Child of Song" and "Live for ever Tom Moore."

At Bannow numerous deputations with addresses waited on the poet, but we feel that we must, owing to the lengthy extracts which we have been obliged to give here and there throughout this narrative from his own letters and works as well as from those of others, curtail much of what has been said by others on this memorable visit of the poet. On the evening of Moore's arrival at the mansion of his friend, Mr Boyse, and as the immense procession of welcomers formed a semi-circle in the lawn round the house, the bard addressed that throng of exultant hearts in words of deep sympathy and feeling. To many, even in our own time, the address then delivered may be read with interest and with pleasure, and to those in whose hands fortune or fate has placed political and social influence, with, we hope, profit.

"My friend, Mr Boyse, has no doubt told you that the object of my visit here was not so much to see him as to see you—not so much to pay my respects to your excellent landlord (worthy though he be of admiration) as to witness the improvements that have here sprung up under his eye, and the happiness his judicious management has diffused around him. I came to see a sight such as the courts of kings with all their splendour could not equal—that of a bold peasantry, their country's pride, a people, I will not say ruled, but regulated, and as it were, harmonized into habits of obedience and industry without the aid of any of those odious instruments of coercion, which

have been found null in their effect, as they have been irritating and insulting in their operation—a people brought into subordination and tranquillity by other means than the superintendent watchfulness of a resident landlord's eye, the manly policy of treating inferiors, not as serfs, but as men and freemen—and that form of government which has never yet been tried on a great scale in Ireland—the form of fair and even-handed justice. This triumph, so far beyond all that the sword or the mere terrors of law can achieve, and as sure and perfect in its reward as it is noble and disinterested in its purpose; this triumph, as far as I am able to judge, my excellent friend has here achieved. The very scene around me proclaims his success. I can see in the free, honest and manly faces which surround me that the iron has never entered into their souls; that the yoke has never touched their necks; and what is more, that it never will, as, 'small blame to them,' they would not bear it. Long may such a happy state of things exist! For the honour of Bannow, and as a shining example to the rest of Ireland, may it flourish on, uninterrupted from generation to generation. For your kindness to myself, my dear friends, I know not how to attempt to thank you. It is by no means too strong a phrase to say that I am overwhelmed, absolutely overwhelmed, by the kindness of the reception which has greeted me everywhere since my arrival in Ireland, by that gush of cordial and warm feeling from all eyes, lips and, I cannot doubt, hearts, which has made every step of my path among you a path shining with smiles of gazers and strangers paying tribute to the cause of liberty and literature in the person of one of their humblest supporters, but smiles full of all the warmth of the fireside; such smiles as greet men from friends, brothers, and, I will add, beautiful and blooming

sisters, for time has not abated one jot of my admiration or value for those sensitive hearts and sun-bright eyes of my fair countrywomen, which in my young days I celebrated. And never, in any part of the world I have been—and the same observation has been made by far more experienced travellers than myself—have my eyes lighted in the same space of time upon so many beautiful faces, or seen them illumined by the events passing before them with so much pure, cordial and intelligent feeling. I may be charged with vanity and pride for thus dwelling upon the bright welcome with which I have been honoured; but those who have witnessed that welcome, here and elsewhere, will bear witness that I have not coloured it; and most readily do I plead guilty to the charge of pride in this instance, knowing that it is only one on which I have a right to indulge that feeling. Yes, gentlemen, however humbly the individual before you may think of his own merits, he does feel proud, aye, loftily proud of the honourable verdict which his countrymen have pronounced upon his past life, well knowing that it is to the qualities far transcending all mere brilliancy of talent, warm zeal for his country's welfare and honest devotion to her cause, that he owes the honourable elevation you have assigned to him."

The poet, quite overcome with the many tokens of affectionate interest manifested by the great concourse of people that surrounded him, sat down amidst wild and vociferous cheering. Loud cries were made for "Mr Boyse," "Tom the Second," at which the poet's host rose and spoke to the vast multitude as follows:

"I shall be very sorry indeed that this vast and most respectable assemblage should separate before I had an opportunity of offering them my heartfelt congratulations on the arrival amongst us

of a man—an Irishman—the fame of whose genius has gone out into all lands, and whose classic and impassioned muse has shed such undying, such cloudless lustre on the country which claims him as her own. You have all heard our illustrious friend thanking you for the cordiality of the welcome which you have just given him. He spoke as though he considered us the doers rather than the recipients of a great favour. You all saw during your affectionate attendance upon him to-day that he felt as you would have him feel, and as he ought to feel, your manner of receiving him to-day, and we all of us know that he belongs to that class of mortals which knows how to feel. I cannot help thinking that he will be induced on some future occasion to revisit this spot as leisure and opportunity may permit, to cement and confirm the friendship—ought I not rather to say the *cead mille*, the hundred thousand friendships?—which he has so auspiciously begun to-day. I have been repeatedly asked within these few days why it was, or how it was, that our own bard spent so little of his time in his own country. Such questions compel me to resort to that valuable privilege of all Patlanders—I mean that of answering one question by asking another. I ask then, whether absent or present, Tom Moore has ever forgotten us? I reiterate your 'No, no,' gentlemen; for 'to forget' is a word not to be found in his heart's vocabulary. A bard whom 'we've all had by rote very often before, but never by heart till to-day,' has said that

> The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close.

And to the truth of this sentiment I cheerfully subscribe, for as well might we dream of sweeping from off this earth of ours the lovely island we inhabit—the island which so justly values our im-

mortal friend, and which he so fondly loves—as well might we attempt to plunge her ten thousand fathoms 'beneath the surface of yon dark blue sea,' which is so beautifully spread out before us, as to think to 'pluck from the memory' or sever from the soul of our beloved countryman those mystic home-made fastenings which have grappled him to her for ever. No; we cannot counter-work the strong repugnances of nature; and nature has said in her own imperious tone that our glorious guest never can, never shall be anything but an Irishman." (Tremendous applause.) "Ah!" exclaimed Mr Boyse, "I have, I find, touched a string of the Irish harp to which those of the Irish heart will for ever respond. I congratulate you, gentlemen, again on the devotedness with which you have welcomed our bard, with which you bless the happy accident which has brought our tuneful wanderer home, even for a season. He is, I repeat, from top to toe an Irishman. Aye, every inch an Irishman—although, to be sure, his inches may not be very many. I cannot, gentlemen, express to you the happiness I enjoy to-day in presenting you to such a man—no dandy *litterateur*, no unfledged poetaster, no paltry retailer of borrowed inspiration, no noble nincompoop, but him who is of right called the Bard of Ireland, the poet of the heart, a poet whom any nation in any age of the world might have been proud to claim. Oh! how delightful has been our task to-day, to encircle his brows with that myrtle crown which is undoubtedly his due, and reassert for the thousandth time his undisputed title to the throne of poesy and song. The thought flitted for a moment across my mind as the distinguished stranger entered the gates of this place that, once having fairly got the bird into the cage, we might shut the door and keep him there. But a little more reflection said it

would not do. The snared bird will seldom sing; and even if it should it would be but the reiteration of the piteous screams of Sterne's poor captive starling: 'I can't get out, I can't get out.' Well then, imprisonment and coercion will not do in this age of liberty. We must open his door, we must let him out, we must give him the freedom which he loves, the freedom that he deserves who has so fearlessly and feelingly vindicated his country's rights to that first gift of heaven to man. But, gentlemen, I am detaining you too long, and the first right of hospitality due to the way-worn traveller is repose. Your friend and bard has been of late exhausted by the overwhelming kindness of his countrymen. He has come to you from among the learned, the opulent, the high ones of the earth; but never, as he has so expressively told you just now, were his feelings so deeply affected as by the reception you have given him this day. Allow me, before I conclude, to express my unaffected delight that you should by your demeanour on this happy occasion have intimated, as significantly as I have done myself expressly, that, should hereafter considerations of business or health, convenience or recreation, render our distinguished friend desirous of a change—should he at any time feel disgusted with a cold world or jaded or dinned by the turmoil of a stormy one—there never can be wanting in the peaceful shades and warm hearts of Bannow a refuge and a resting-place for Moore."

After having received several addresses during his stay with Mr Boyse, the poet left Grange House on August 29, and started for Dublin, accompanied by his amiable host as far as Enniscorthy.

CHAPTER XXI

DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON HIS PENSION

WHEN Moore arrived in Dublin, he found a letter awaiting him there from his own dear Bessy about the granting of his pension by the government. The reading of the contents of the letter made the poet laugh and weep by turns. His wish had now been fulfilled:

> I often wished that I had clear
> For life three hundred pounds a year.

The letter from Bessy, as was natural to expect, was full of exultation over the new accession to their means. Out of her womanly heart she now saw that whatever might come the thought of absolute want was only a thought, a passing thought worth scarcely a moment's remembrance. She also saw that after long years, and we might say weary years of toil and exhausting literary labours, the poet could scarcely, even with all his fame and reputation thick upon him, make ends meet. A literary calling without any external aid is, perhaps, the most uncertain, if not the most precarious, means of livelihood that men, of even the most commanding talents and attainments, can follow. Now and again we read of men of rare talent falling by the wayside as they struggle on to that Calvary where that imperious and merciless jade, Literature, sits enthroned. And some of those number-

less strugglers who struggle on in defiance of the many warnings they meet with by the way, till "chill penury represses the noble current of their souls," are at last submerged, go under, and are heard of no more. Such, alas! is too often the fate of those who give up their all to whimsical and pitiless Literature.

No wonder, then, that the spirit of Bessy's letter should be the embodiment of joyous manifestation and an outburst of exultation and real enthusiasm. Evidently the undermentioned letter is written before she got that of the poet assuring her that the pension was granted for a certainty.

"SLOPERTON,
Tuesday night.

MY DEAREST TOM,—Can it really be true that you have a pension of £300 a year? Mrs, Mr, two Misses and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers. Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a Higher Power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was *I*, and I invited them *all five* to come at some future time. At present I can think of nothing but £300 a year, and dear Russell jumps and clasps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. . . . If the story is true of the £300, pray give dear Ellen £20, and *insist* on her drinking five pounds' worth of wine *yearly*, to be paid out of the £300 a year. I have been obliged, by-the-by, to get £5 to send to ——. . . . £300 a year, how delightful! But I have my fears it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed [illegible] may have this pleasure *at least*, for I expect [illegible]ng will throw down my castle.

"Wednesday morning.

"Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, 'Now papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little. . . .'

"You say I am so 'nice and comical' about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the 'nice'), for you have forgotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy the quiet, every-day sort of stillness after your late reception I hardly know. I begin to want you very much; for though the boys are darlings, there is still. . . .

"How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gonnes; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr Bennett called the other day on my sons.

"N.B.—If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my *eating*. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. *Mind* you do not tell this piece of gluttony to *any* one."

This unaffected letter, written as it is from the heart, betrays woman's nature in all its artless moods; shows her own realm of domesticity in all its simple colours, and lets us more into the inner circle of the poet's life than the prying eye of curiosity could even desire.

Moore crossed over from Dublin to Liverpool the following September, and with a fascinating peculiarity paid a visit to Mayfield Cottage while on his way to Sloperton. He visited the cottage where "Lalla Rookh" was written with his two friends, Hume and Cooper—the former much interested, if not surprised, to see the small, solitary cot-

tage where all that fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" "were engendered." The house had fallen into the hands of some small farmer who allowed it to go into a state of abject decay and degradation; "Yet there," said Moore in a musing sort of way, "once the luxurious Rogers passed a few days with me; there poor Stevenson composed one or two of his sweetest songs and there (still more extraordinary) I remember giving a dinner to Sir Henry Fitzherbert, the high sheriff of the county, and some other provincial grandees."

They subsequently visited Alton Towers, the residence of Lord Shrewsbury, where a magnificently dressed porter threw open the gates, where a harper *en costume* was seated within playing one of the bard's "Irish Melodies" in honour of the poet's arrival.

On September 16 he arrived at Sloperton, finding Bessy and the boys quite well and anxiously awating him. After the poet's return to Sloperton he seems to have taken life easily; for now, with his settled income of £300 a year, fears for the future seem to have vanished and life to have been robbed of the thought of penury's cold and afflicted sting.

In London the following February at a dinner at Bryan's with a Mr Finlay, Mr Wyse and Shiel, where a variety of subjects was discussed, Shiel gave a very good mimicry of O'Connell with great effect. About this time also Moore had a communication from Quin enclosing him the prospectus of a new *Quarterly Review* to be started under the auspices of Dr Wiseman, O'Connell and Quin himself. This gave the liberator an opportunity of effecting a reconciliation with the poet, and, on hearing that Quin was about to write to the bard, said, "Oh, let me frank the letter to Moore!" Quin further states in his letter, not, it is to be presumed, without O'Connell's permission,

what a pleasure it would give him to see "two such men shake hands and be friends."

Moore was now resolved, as the advance had been made by O'Connell, to do the rest himself. Knowing that the agitator had passed a great part of each Sunday at Brooke's, the poet accordingly proceeded thither. "I proceeded to Brooke's," says Moore, "and there found him at a table reading a newspaper. Walking direct up to him with my hand held out, I said, smiling, 'That frank proceeding of yours has settled everything.' He instantly rose, looking rather embarrassed and nervous; when I said in the same cheerful tone, 'You remember the frank?' 'Yes,' he answered (having now recovered his self-possession and shaking my hand cordially), 'I *do* remember, and you have answered it exactly as I expected you would.' This is *verbatim* what passed."

So the little quarrel between the two great Irishmen was made up.

It was at this time that the poet entered into an engagement with Easthope as a contributor to *The Chronicle*. The terms offered him were liberal and similar to those given him by *The Times*. "Accordingly I commenced," says the bard, "by receiving an advance from him of £100 a day or two after my arrival in town."

One of his earliest contributions to the columns of *The Chronicle* was some verses entitled "Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades." The following lines, in speaking of the "supposed idols in St Paul's," are taken from the verses:

But 'tis really too sad—in this once pious land,
Where the form of some saint, touched by Painting's slow hand
Into grace more than human and looks half divine,
Was all the heart looked for on Piety's shrine,
To exalt its own picturings high o'er this sphere
To a world where the clouds from around us will clear,
And such bright things shall *be* what they now but *appear*.

The lionizing of men who had become famous in any particular walk of life, had been as much a part and parcel of social life in the early part of the century as it is now. Literary lions, even with that great suppression of self and that repugnance to be made much of, which is generally characteristic of them, did not escape the usage of the time any more than other individuals, but had tamely to submit to be shown and exhibited by the social elect. At Miss Rogers', where Moore, Rogers and Sydney Smith dined, the subject of lionizing with all its pomps and vanities and insincerities was discussed in all its bearings. Sydney Smith was irresistibly comic in his description of how the literary lion is caught, dined, shown and exhibited, when the people of London wish to extract all they can from him.

"Here's a new man of genius arrived; put on the stew-pan," says Society; "fry away, we'll soon get it all out of him."

In the House of Commons on November 21, 1837, in a debate on the "Pension List," "an honourable member (name unknown, but spoke with a strong Irish accent) rose to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question."

The following, taken from *The Times* report of the debate, is a fairly accurate account of the proceedings in question:

The hon. member "wished to know whether the name of one Thomas Moore was in the list of pensions charged on the Civil List—('Oh, oh!')—and if so whether it was placed there for making luscious ballads for love-sick maidens, or for writing lampoons upon George IV of blessed memory."—(Cries of "Oh, oh!" and great confusion in the house)

Mr Spring Rice: "I am confident that the house, and I am equally persuaded that the public,

will appreciate the motives which induced the government to place the name of Thomas Moore on the pension list.—(Loud cheers from both sides of the house.)—By a formal resolution of this house the ministers of the day are authorized to grant these pensions as the reward of distinguished talent in literature and the arts. From the tone of his voice I suspect that the hon. member who has just put to me this extraordinary question belongs to the same country as myself. ('Hear,' and a laugh.) I believe there is no other Irishman but himself in this house—differing, as many of them do, from the political opinions of Thomas Moore—who does not feel it to be a credit to our common country that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' is on the pension list. (Immense cheering.) For my own part I think that the name of Thomas Moore is in itself a credit to the pension list. (General cheering.) I may ask—and I hope without offence—whether it was for writing works of a very democratic character and tendency that the name of Dr Robert Southey is placed on the same pension list with that of Thomas Moore? The names of both those distinguished men are on that list, and are on it for the same reasons—(cheers)—and I rejoice as heartily in seeing the name of Southey there as I do in seeing the name of Moore. (Cheers continued.) Both are men of great and immortal talent; both have added to the literary pleasures and instruction of the age and country—(vociferous cries of 'Hear')—and I rejoice that both of them have received, though from rival administrations, the rewards to which they are both so fully and so justly entitled." (Cheering from all quarters of the House.)

In reference to the foregoing the London *Standard* had the following:

"We observed with regret that a gentleman—we doubt not with the best disposition—complained of Mr Moore's pension. Mr Moore's pension is a tribute to genius, a testimony to the claims of one who, if not the first living poet, is certainly not second to any with whom the present generation has lived. With Scott and Southey, Mr Moore completes the number of the first-class poets of the nineteenth century, and it is idle to underrate the merit of his poetry because of the direction taken by his genius, as was the miserable effort to depreciate Scott on account of the lowness of the pursuits of his borderers. That Mr Moore has been a political writer as well as a poet ought to be the last reason for objecting to the reward of his *political* (?) merits in a free country. Alas for the freedom of Great Britain when a divorce shall be effected between literature and politics; when men of genius or learning shall find it injurious to come forward in all their power and, according to their conscientious views, in defence of that constitution which is the business of every Briton. The democratical changes that we have lately made are bringing the empire, indeed, rapidly enough under the dominion of brute ignorance. Let us not accelerate the calamity by interdicting the arena of politics to genius and knowledge. Mr Moore has taken the wrong side. But this matters nothing; we are contending for a principle, a principle in which Conservatives are much more deeply interested as a party than any other party can be. Of the party that seeks to establish the ascendency of truth and justice, literature is the natural ally. It is gratifying to us to be able to add that, his political bias apart, there is nothing in Mr Moore's character—amiable and honourable and consistent as it is—which

ought to exclude him from the benefit of the principle for which we contend."

In regard to the pension the poet had the following note from Spring Rice in reference to the confirmation of the grant by the pension list committee :

"MY DEAR MOORE—Though you could not have anticipated any other result, still as committees are strange and unaccountable bodies I think it may be agreeable to you to know that your case came on yesterday, and was by acclamation confirmed. I think the committee would have increased the grant had it been in their power to do so. Always, my dear Moore,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

T. S. RICE."

CHAPTER XXII

HIS LAST DAYS

IN the September of the year 1838 Moore visited Dublin again. He had his son Tom with him, who had obtained some time previously an ensign's commission in the Twenty-second Foot. The purchase system was then in existence, and the poet had to lodge £450 for the commission. Having dined at Crampton's, Moore, Tom and Crampton proceeded to the Theatre Royal, where they received a tremendous ovation. The following, taken from the poet's diary, is an account of the proceedings taken by the poet himself from the *Morning Register*.

"THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr Moore, September 15, 1838.—On Saturday night our illustrious poet, the true-hearted Irishman, had a reception at the theatre such as Irishmen are known to give when a heart is in every voice. The first piece had concluded before the shout of friendly recognition announced that the star of the night had appeared. The audience rose as one man, and again and again the loud cheer swelled upon the ear, until the many-mouthed monster ceased through very weariness. It seemed the madness of joy. The second piece was then allowed to proceed, the shifting of each scene giving opportunity for some word of welcome. When the dropping-scene fell, the cry for 'Three cheers for the Bard ! ' again called up every soul present, hats

and handkerchiefs waving in one wide sea over the densely-crowded pit and galleries. Mr Moore, evidently under the influence of feelings deeply touched, repeatedly arose in acknowledgment of the compliment; and, as the applause had been frequently renewed, his lips were seen to move in involuntary expression of what he felt. A call for silence was then made, upon which the poet again rose and bowed; and, pointing to the stage, where the curtain had been raised, he resumed his seat. But what did those present value 'Robert Macaire'? It was their illustrious countryman they went to see; and the cordial shout again rose as though it never were to die. There was nothing for it but to speak, even if the fixed heart had set itself against it; but it was not so, and Mr Moore endeavoured to give utterance to what he felt in the following terms:

"Unusual as it is to speak from the boxes of a theatre, I really cannot sit any longer silent under these repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection, and therefore have nothing for it but to say, with Mr Muddleworth, in the farce which we have just witnessed, 'And now for my oration' (laughter). It would require a voice, I fear, of far more compass than I command to make myself heard by the numerous kind friends who have here assembled to greet me, though, had I the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell—(loud cheers)—I should fail to convey to you a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness; not that I pretend to consider myself as wholly unworthy of such a reception, for that would be to do injustice to *you*, my kind friends, as well as to myself. No; you have had in other times, and you have still, far more able and eloquent champions of your cause.' ('No,

no,' and loud cheers.) 'But, as the humble interpreter of those deep and passionate feelings—those proud though melancholy aspirations which breathe throughout our own undying songs—as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom, are felt—in this respect I cannot but flatter myself that I am not wholly unworthy of your favour. (Enthusiastic cheering.) It may be in the recollection of most of my hearers that, in one of the earliest of those songs, I myself foresaw and foretold the sort of echo they would awaken in other lands—

> The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,
> The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep.

(Loud cheers.) This prediction I have lived to see accomplished—the stranger has heard our lament on his plains; the song of our harp has been sent o'er the deep—and wherever oppression is struggled against, or liberty cherished, there the strains of Ireland are welcomed as the language native to such feeling. It is a striking fact that on the banks of the Vistula the "Irish Melodies have been translated in a Polish sense, and are adopted by that wronged and gallant people as expressive of their own disastrous fate. (Loud cheers.) Not to trespass any longer on your attention. ('Hear' and cheers.) I shall only add that there exists no title of honour or distinction to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called *your* poet—the poet of the people of Ireland!" (Enthusiastic cheering.)

It was during this visit that through the amusing mistake of a Dublin cabman, the poet had a

rather whimsical adventure. Having had an invitation to dine with Lord Morpeth, the bard hired a cabman, who, evidently having misunderstood the orders given by the poet, drove Moore to the residence of Lord Normanby instead of to Lord Morpeth's. His adventure on that evening is best given in his own words: "Went to dine, Tom and myself, with Lord Morpeth, and had rather a whimsical adventure. In going out to the Park I have generally used one of those cabs (or 'shanderadans,' as they call them) which my sister recommended me, driven by an old fellow named Ennis, and thinking it was he who had driven me the last time I went to Lord Morpeth's, I merely said now at starting, 'Go to the same place you took me to the other evening.' The length of the avenue to the house rather struck me, and when we arrived and were told they had gone to dinner, some mention of 'the groom of the chamber,' etc., made a sort of passing impression upon me which, instead of startling, produced insensibly, I suppose, that change in all my associations which prepared me (so otherwise unaccountably) for what followed. After a little delay we were ushered into—the Lord Lieutenant's dining-room, where only himself, Lady Normanby and the *aides-de-camp* were seated at the family dinner, and it was only by taking close order they were able to make room among them for Tom and myself. To Lord Normanby there was just sufficient, in the general invitation he had given me for *any day*, to prevent his being greatly surprised at my present intrusion, but my bringing my son also must have appeared to him a somewhat strong measure. Nothing, however, could be more kind than our reception by the whole party, and I was helped to soup and had finished it before the actual fact of what I had done and where I was flashed upon my

mind. 'Good God!' I exclaimed. '
said Lord Normanby, laughing, and at o
ing the whole fact of the case. 'Were
have dined with Morpeth? That's excellen
we have you we'll keep you.' Upon w
instantly ordered the *aide-de-camp* to send
senger to Morpeth's to say, 'We have
Mr Moore on the way.' The dinner ver
able, but soon after we retired to the d
room I said, 'Well, all this is very delig
far, but I must really now go to the *right*
upon which Lord Normanby very kindly
one of his carriages to take me to Morpet
it turned out that my own shanderadan had
for me, so off Tom and I set to the Sec
where we found a very large party, and
away for them at the rate of a dozen so
hour, to make up for my default."

It was certainly significant proof of th
politics of the time that Moore had only c
fore been a guest in that house, and that w
Lord Wellesley had been Chief Secretar
curiously enough it was then that the poe
the conversation turned upon Emmet, was
an opportunity of speaking of the brave
fortunate patriot as he deserved. So mu
Moore himself impressed by his own daring
on poor Emmet that when going to bed th
he said to himself: "Well, thank God,
lived to pronounce an eulogium upon
Emmet at the Irish Chief Secretary's tabl

The reception that the poet got in Dub
so enthusiastic that Dillon of the "Bibliot
wrote to the bard from Paris in the following

"I was delighted to see the other day
ception given you in Dublin. The Irish
deserve all that zeal and eloquence which y

isplayed in their behalf. They are a grateful eople, and a grateful people ought never to be espaired of."

After the fourth volume of the "History of reland" had been completed and some prefaces to he editions of his works had been written, Moore ıay be said to have completed his literary labours. n any case the mental as well as the physical rganization of the man had, after nearly forty ears of almost unceasing literary toil, been airly well tried and required some rest. "I am till," says he, in his usual cheery way, "willing nd, thank God, able to work; but the power omes slower, and the effort is therefore more rearying. If I could write with the facility and ariety which some people give me credit for, should indeed be like Mrs Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.'"

His two sons had now been provided for. One f them, Tom, as we have already said, had obained a commission in the army; the other, Russell, had also a commission in the Indian ıilitary service. Of all professions the military ervice was perhaps the most ill-chosen by Moore or his sons. Both showed signs of a strong endency to consumption, and the hardships and rials inseparable from foreign military service were ıost trying even to men of greater physical enurance than they. Not only were health reasons gainst the adoption of the military service as profession, but the allowance which they required utside of their pay was more than the poet could fford out of his limited means. Even their outfit ras a matter of no small importance, for the poor ard had, as he himself expresses it, "to go into ebt for the money which their outfit and passage, tc., required."

When in London in 1841, whither he went to get some notes from the papers of Elizabeth at the State Paper Office for his fourth volume of the "History of Ireland," Bessy enclosed him with her own letter a bill from Tom for £112. "I can hardly," says she, "bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts, but to you it will bring these and *hard, hard* work. Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them. How can you arrange for the payment? And what could have caused him to require such a sum? Take care of yourself; and if you write to him, for God's sake let him know that it is the very last sum you will or *can pay* for him. My heart is sick when I think of you, and the fatigue of mind and body you are always kept in. Let me know how you think you can arrange this."

In reference to this letter Moore records in a pathetic way: "The difficulties to which this bill of Tom's reduced me were considerable; and I had not been more than a week or two at home when another bill of his, drawn upon me at three months, for £100 was sent to me for acceptance. This blow coming so quick after the other was, indeed, most overwhelming. It seems on his arrival at Bombay he found that his regiment had been ordered on active service, and he accordingly was obliged to provide such an outfit as would enable him to join it. I could not do otherwise, of course, than accept the bill; but how am I to pay it when due? Heaven only knows."

While engaged in the State Paper Office over the papers relative to the reign of Elizabeth, the poet came across a rather curious letter addressed to that queen by the courtly Earl of Essex, informing her with the utmost coolness that he had made an offer to a fellow of 100 marks of

land a year as a reward if he would only murder Phelim O'Neill. The letter carries with it its own eloquent comment on the history and spirit of the times.

Though Moore had now given himself up to the social festivities of "the great houses" where he had been always most warmly welcomed, and had now endeavoured "to husband life's taper to the close," yet his cup of social cheer was, in his declining years, to be mingled with gall and wormwood. His son Tom, owing to the indulgence of careless and improvident habits, soon got into debt, and in a moment when impetuosity of judgment got the better of reason he sold his commission. Subsequently, through the influence of Madame Adelaide, he was enabled to obtain a commission in the French military service in the foreign legion of Algiers. "Most sad news for me after all my gaiety," writes the poet; "our darling Russell has been dangerously ill; and though better when Lord Auckland, from whom the account comes, wrote his letter, cannot, the physicians say, remain in India with safety, and was therefore in two or three weeks to sail for England."

On April 6, Moore records the following in his diary in reference to the home-coming of his son Russell: "We had been for some time daily expecting our dear Russell, and this morning a letter arrived from him, dated Hastings, and telling us we might expect him in the course of the day. Our ears and eyes were of course on the watch for every carriage that approached, and at last we heard his own voice telling the flyman not to drive into the gate. Our feeling at this remembrance of his mother's neat garden and his thoughtful wish not to spoil the gravel was hardly expressed to us when we saw the

poor fellow himself, getting slowly out of the carriage, and looking as if the next moment would be his last. It seemed, indeed, all but death. Both his mother and myself threw our arms round him, and all three remained motionless for some time—the poor boy the only calm one of the three—and my feelings and fears being far more, I confess, about the mother than about himself. It was very frightful, nor shall I ever forget those four minutes at that gate."

"My poor Bessy," continues he, "day and night watching over her patient, to whom she has given up her own room, and at every cough she hears from him at night is by his bed-side. It is for *her* I most fear."

It was at this time that the German Emperor conferred upon Moore the Order of "Pour le Mérite." The honour was only to be conferred on persons who distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts.

The close of the year saw the poet again in a troubled and despondent state. His son Russell, who hitherto had seemed to be improving, now grew worse, and all hope of recovery had left. The doctor told the bard that he might prepare for the worst. Not only was Moore sorrowful with the deep sorrow of a sorrow-stricken heart, but poor Bessy's afflictions were too deep, too sad for mortal words to tell. The bard's own verses, written at the request of some unhappy mother some time before, but too faintly represented the poignant anguish of the distracted mother:

There is no grief beneath the sun
  Like that with which the mother sighs,
Who sees her first, her only son,
  Withering away before her eyes.

And if that one be loved as well
  As thou art, darling child, by me,
Ah, parents' hearts alone can tell
  How deep thy parents' agony.

On November 23, 1842, Russell Moore breathed his last, and no words can better describe his last sorrowful moments than those recorded by the poet himself:

"All is over. Our dear boy expired on the 23rd of last month, and the calmness, sweetness and manliness of his last moments were such as to leave, even in the mother's heart, not only comfort, but almost pleasure. He suffered but little indeed of actual pain throughout the whole illness, nor was it till two or three days before his death that he became aware of his danger. His mother then, I think, suggested taking the Sacrament, but he declined doing so. On the morning of the 23rd he asked his mother to bring pen and ink and make memorandums of some little gifts he wished to leave. After inquiring about a bequest of £100 left by Betty Starkie, which was to fall at some distant period, he said, 'Very well,' and thus proceeded: 'Mrs Hughes may have my chain; she will like that.' 'And your seal ring,' asked his mother; 'there's your papa.' 'Papa won't wear it.' 'But he will use it.' 'Yes, my ring then to papa.' 'Your dressing-case; shall Tom have your dressing-case?' 'He wouldn't like it. Let Herbert Brabant have my dressing-case.' He then proceeded: 'I should like to give something to Annie the daughter of our neighbour, Mrs Schomberg, with whom the poor fellow, before he went to India, was rather in love); let Annie have the little seal.' What for Ellen? Would you like her to have the little lip-salve box and Rogers's "Italy"?' 'Yes; send my hunting whip to Mr Schomberg. Polly Hughes my blue purse. Mr Hughes, of Buckhill, would like my pencil.' 'And what for Tom?' asked his mother again. 'I have nothing to leave that he would like. Give him my dying love and

Campbell's poems.' He then stopped as if to rest. 'You haven't said anything for Mr Starkie?' To this he made no reply. Turning to Ruth, our good-natured housemaid, he thanked her for her kind attention to him during his illness, adding: 'I suppose you'll soon be married, Ruth?' (the girl being, he knew, engaged). 'Yes, sir, please God, some time.' He then spoke of his clothes, and desired that such as his brother Tom did not like should be sold or given to the poor. After he had rested a little while, his mother asked whether she could do anything to make him comfortable. 'Read to me,' he replied. 'What shall it be?' 'Read to me about the Communion.' After she had read some time he said, 'I think I shall take it.' His mother read a little more, and then said, 'Should you like Mr Drury sent for?' 'Yes, but not now.' The poor mother then read on until her feelings became too much for her, and she was obliged to stop. After an interval she asked, 'Would you like to see Mr Drury to-day?' 'Yes.' He became then composed, and his mother, as usual, washed him, brushed his hair and teeth and scented his pocket-handkerchief. Drury came, and, after having talked with him for a short time, said that he did not hesitate to give him the Sacrament as soon as he liked. 'Now, or to-morrow?' 'Now,' answered the dear boy, and, turning to his mother, asked, 'Will you take it too?' 'Yes.' 'Very good.' He then attentively watched Drury's preparations for the Communion; and having before said he feared Drury would find the room rather offensive, held out his handkerchief for him to smell. He swallowed the consecrated bread with much difficulty, but when the ceremony was over Bessy asked him how he felt, and he said, 'Better, and more comfortable.' 'Should you like Mr Drury to come again to-morrow?' said his mother. 'Yes, if I'm

alive.' All this, which I have taken down from the poor mother's lips (not being able myself to stand the scene), took place on the morning of the 23rd, about eleven o'clock; and within three hours after our beloved child was a corpse.

In connexion with Moore's life there is little more to tell. Though he still enjoyed the society of the great and even availed himself of some of the invitations which were continually pouring in upon him, yet he was no longer his former self. In the middle of February, 1846, his sister Ellen, to whom he was most devotedly attached, died at Blackrock, outside of Dublin; and the following March a letter reached the poet stating that his son Tom had died in Algiers after a few days' illness. "The last of our five children is gone," said he, "and we are left desolate and alone; not a single relative have I now left in the world."

The suddenness of these deaths and their coming so quickly one after another completely prostrated the poet. His health was so much affected and he became so very dispirited that his mental powers became impaired. His once brilliant fancy became clouded, and his memory grew weakened. Half of the engagements to parties and dinners he forgot; and it is asserted that so confused did his memory become that in his latter years he failed to recognize even the singing or playing of his own Melodies. While at one of these parties, as he was led into the room by his dear Bessy (he was then nearly blind) and during the singing of one of his Melodies he exclaimed, "How delightful; methinks I heard that air before!"

It is sad to see the once robust faculties fail and to watch the sad change. The man who, above all others, was the life and soul of all circles was now the most sad and cheerless sight in the gay throng which he once adorned and illumined. The light

of his existence on earth was now fast flickering out, for during the last three years of his earthly career he was affected by an affliction of the brain, which though not attended with pain reduced the poet to a state of imbecility.

On February 26, 1852, the spirit of the gentle poet passed away from the sorrows of earth life. He was buried with his gentle Anastasia and his son Russell in the quiet country churchyard of Bromham, near Devizes in Wiltshire. The funeral was of the most unostentatious character, and his tomb-stone bears the simple but patriotic expression:

THOMAS MOORE

"THE POET AND PATRIOT OF IRELAND."

The news of the bard's death was received in this country with deep sorrow, and Ireland mourned over his loss as a mother would over the death of a son. Who was now to take up the harp that was left unstrung? Who was now to touch its chords and with its music awaken and sustain our national spirit? Though the bard was gone, others came, such as Davis and Mangan, who found inspiration in the song of the departed poet and still kept the fire of patriotism alive in the hearts of their countrymen. And if Moore had done nothing else but to lay the future poets of our country under such a deep obligation by their drinking in at the fountain of his inspiration, his life had not been lived in vain.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SUMMING UP

ON March 29, 1852, a meeting, with Lord Charlemont as chairman, was held at Charlemont House, for the purpose of taking some measures to erect some fitting testimonial in honour of the "Bard of Erin." The meeting was representative of the highest and best in Irish society, and its intellectual character was of the highest order. The capital of any nation might be proud of it. You had Lord Charlemont there, the representative of a noble house associated always with Ireland in times of national emergency; Lord Chief Baron Pigot left the seat of judgment at the Four Courts for the day to pay tribute with his melodious oratory to Moore's genius and to Moore's worth; Sir William Rowan Hamilton left his scientific study aside to lay his wreath of remembrance at the shrine of Ireland's bard.

The statue was inaugurated on October 14, 1857, in the presence of the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Charlemont, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Lord Mayor and Mr O'Hagan, Q.C., who was afterwards raised to the dignity of the peerage. When the statue was unveiled and presented to the Lord Mayor and corporation Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., Q.C., delivered on that occasion a speech of impassioned eloquence and power, paying a just tribute to Moore as a poet and as a man in language of unmeasured eulogy.

That Moore had his faults no rational admirer

can deny; and who are without defects and imperfections in this world where human nature is so frail? In the course of this narrative we have endeavoured to point out, in our humble way, where his frailties lay; but at the same time his weaknesses were more than counterbalanced by his great gifts. His love of country was never sacrificed, nor were his talents ever degraded by paying court to the varying smiles of those we call great. He was independent, and preserved the spirit of political independence even to his own detriment.

Well might Hazlitt exclaim, "Mr Moore is in private life an amiable and estimable man. If he is no longer familiar with royalty as with his garter, the fault is not his. His adherence to his principles caused the separation. His love of his country was the cloud that intercepted the sunshine of court favour." His intense filial affection, which never waned even when he had to struggle hard to keep up the practical help towards his parents, was never relaxed; and even when temptation beset his path and sorely tried him, he struggled manfully on and scorned the offers of assistance which he thought would abase him. He was poor, but he kept himself poor for honour's sake that his parents might want no comfort; "for," said he in answer to a friend who rebuked him for not allowing his son Tom sufficient allowance to live "like a gentleman," "if *I* had thought but of living like a gentleman" (as those colonels and tutors call it) "what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?"

His domestic life was an ideal one, for he discharged those sacred obligations of domestic duty with a love and a reverence and a tenderness which men of genius sometimes forget in the all-absorbing pursuits of literature as well as in the idiosyn-

cracies of their temperaments; his love for his country was as dear to him as his love for home-life, and let no man asperse his memory with any unworthy or unsavoury epithets of his luke-warmness in the cause of his country.

Let his own words tell us the depth of his patriotism when O'Connell, in 1835, upbraided him for his apparent coolness in the cause of the Ireland he loved. "He seems to have forgotten," said the poet in answer to a letter of his friend Lyne on the subject, "the praises he himself bestowed upon me for the 'courage' of my 'Life of Lord Edward' and the 'treasonous truths' which he said that work contained. He little knew the extent of the courage he praised. It is easy to brave a *public;* but it was in defiance of the representations and requests of my own most valued friends that I published that justification of the men of '98—the *ultimi Romanorum* of our country. I have little fear that the historian (if he ever meddles with such small deer as myself) will say that hitherto at least I have shown any apathy in the cause of Ireland."

While, strange to say, everything material must perish, yet men's thoughts alone endure. The dreams even of poetical phantasy are more lasting than the proudest and noblest works of architecture which man raises in his own vain-glorious way. The great cities of antiquity have fallen, and a vestige remains not of their former glory and splendour. The beasts of the fields graze over their sites. Kings and queens have come and gone, and they would have been forgotten—nameless and fameless they would have been—were it not for the pen of the poet and the historian, who have embalmed, as it were, their reputations and enshrined their deeds of glory or of passion through the imperishable medium of poetry and history.

And what, we may ask, has Moore done to

merit niches in the temples of poetry and history—the great bequests of the ages—the recording angels of Time? He has, we answer, indelibly recorded our national traditions and the glories of our ancient race in lyrics the most sweet and beautiful the world has ever seen.

"The genius of the musician," exclaims Rousseau, "submits the whole universe to his art; he paints pictures by sounds—he makes silence itself speak—he renders ideas by sentiments, sentiments by accents, in the depths of human hearts he excites the passions he expresses."

And if this be the office and the test of genius of the musician, how much more so must it be of the poet who submits human nature and the ever-varying passions and virtues incidental to human existence to the alembic of his genius.

Of all poets, save Burns, Moore felt, perhaps, more than they the inward power of his emotions, the great and magical charm of his art and the enthusiastic transport of feelings they inspired. In writing to Lyne, his barrister friend, who had written to the poet about the effect one of his Melodies—"The Dream of those Days"—had on O'Connell, Moore says he did not wonder at the feelings, for "I felt them deeply myself when writing them."

And his other poetic works, though perhaps not so enduring as his Melodies, are full of dazzling beauty and ravishing sweetness.

Hazlitt has observed that "Moore ought not to have written 'Lalla Rookh' even for three thousand guineas," and his poetry he thus describes:

"His verse is like a shower of beauty; a dance of images; a stream of music; or like the spray of the waterfall, tinged by the morning beam with rosy light. His subject is set off by a dazzling veil a wreath of flowers gemmed

with numerous dewdrops that weep, tremble and glitter in liquid softness and pearly light, while the song of birds ravishes the ear, and languid odours breathe around, and aurora opens heaven's smiling portals; peris and nymphs peep through the golden glade, and an angel's wing glances over the glossy scene." Speaking of the poet's satirical productions: "They are," says the same critic, "nests of spiceries, bitter and sweet, honey and gall together. Moore can so well describe the set speech of a dull formalist, or the glowing looks of a dowager. His light, agreeable, polished style pierces through the body of the court, hits off the faded graces of an Adonis of fifty, weighs the vanity of fashion and of folly, shows up the littleness of the 'great,' and spears a phalanx of statesmen with its glittering point as with a diamond brooch. Nothing in Pope or Prior ever surpassed the delicate insinuation and adroit satire of hundreds of Moore's compositions."

In the domain of history he has left his impress not so deeply as one would wish. His "History of Ireland," which, unfortunately, ceases at the reign of Elizabeth, is written in a style as pure as his thoughts. His biographies may be called histories, for in some of them the history of the times in which their subjects flourished is faithfully and religiously depicted.

Moore did not belong to the school of the Scandinavian Scalds, whose profession of the fierce creed of Odin compelled them to sing of the darker and sterner side of man's character, whose mysteries were not refined by the spiritual sway of Christianity. They sang of war and desolation in battle songs, intensely grim and ferocious. Moore sang like our ancient bards in words and thoughts seeking after truth; sang of the teachings of ethical doctrines embodied in verses the most musical. In songs of patriotic fervour he did not, like the dis-

ciples of the creed of Odin, preach the doctrines of liberty to be practically achieved through the desolating ravages of war and of "man's inhumanity to man," but in the sweeter and serener forms of mournful sorrow and pathetic appeal, guided by the more subdued passions of lofty feeling and the more ennobling principles of humanity.

Our poet did not come to us as a nineteenth century prophet proclaiming from the house tops a new gospel of political heresy for gullible humanity. As a poet, no less than as a political writer he came to us as an evangelist preaching the sermon of patriotism through poems of intense lyrical sweetness and prose the most pure, which, no less than religion, is a sacred and solemn trust which every man with a spark of manhood in his bosom must ever hold dear, for

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?

He came to us as a poet peculiarly Irish in sentiment and essentially patriotic in feeling, to show that poetry was no less powerful and effective an engine than oratory or physical force to expose oppression and to tame tyranny; to appeal through the medium of song for the distribution of justice and the observance of equity. He came to us at a time when the political outlook in this country was the most dark and dire, when, with fear, the tongue was palsied and the pen lay still; when the voice of desolation muttered and prayed mournfully over the land, as the soughing of the winter's wind through the leafless trees of the forest for a new deliverer to raise the people up, as did the Israelites of old, and let them go free.

The bard came with his tuneful lyre—the most capable and the most accessible at the time to

sustain the national energy—to show that unless people were free they could not become loyal; that unless they were governed by a wise and just administration of the laws of the constitution they could not respect the lawgiver nor the fountain from whence the laws emanated. The poet came and sang with a sorrow peculiarly his own the woes of his country: sang them with a doleful, mournful sweetness into the ears of the oppressor with such a magical charm and effect that the shackles which chained the goddess of civil and religion freedom fell from her fettered limbs one by one.

Moore believed that political institutions should rest on the natural rights of a nation and not on political expediency; that political reform should not only aim at the establishment of unfettered and unrestricted political rights, but that full freedom and liberty of action whether in politics or religion should be the birthright of a free people. That the welfare of any community should always be the true aim of politics; and that the true task of the statesman should be to fall in with and follow the views of the people, so far as political wisdom showed the people to be right, and not to precipitately precede public opinion.

His early training, indeed, had much to do with the development of his political principles, for, in the quietness of his home in Aungier Street, the first seeds of patriotism and ideal natiaonl aspirations were planted in his bosom; and in his early manhood, when he saw the condition and miseries of his country, he ever after fought against the insolence of power and the abuse of it as he ever fought against prerogative and privilege.

If the parental home was responsible for the propagation of his political principles, his Trinity

College training placed him in a position to more calmly view the state of his country. He was a Protestant by his educational associations; he was a Roman Catholic by profession. That the former, in a philosophic sense, served him in after life cannot be questioned; but in a religious sense it acted with a disturbing influence upon the profession of his religion, and relaxed the practice of his religious principles. With a Protestant training and a Catholic faith he was therefore situated exactly where he might survey the past and the present state of the land of his birth, before and after the ill-starred and inglorious insurrection of 1798. That the battles were over and the battle-fields remained to tell their sad tales was but too true. A great calm had followed. It was, as Bossuet would declare it, "a something which had no name in any language, for he beheld the mutilation of the dying by the victor, and the stripping of the dead and leaving them unburied in their nakedness." *

What wonder, then, that a rising indignation should be ever present in his poetry and in his prose, and that all his writings should be a protest and a warning against unjust and iniquitous legislation whether civil or religious?

Moore was indeed no resuscitated schoolman, no poet of the meaningless class of poetic tradesmen spinning cobwebby, empty, meaningless jargon on subjects of startling commonplaces. He took his harp, and sang to us of the glories of his country when our forefathers "came from a land beyond the sea" to seek their "Happy

* The stripping and robbing the slain was a common practice by the Williamite camp-followers. They did not spare even the corpse of their own lieutenant-colonel, the Right Rev. Dr Walker, Protestant Bishop of Derry, which they stripped naked at the Boyne.—(*The "Story of Ireland," by A. M. Sullivan.*)

ıisfail"; he swept its chords and awakened nournful melody to tell us that through our kerings and our divisions the stranger shall ɜ our country; for, as he eloquently sings:

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.

Not only has the poet dwelt in poetical ectasies ɜr our past glories, but he has enshrined in song · national virtues of purity and honesty. Take instance that Melody of his where he describes maiden who, from the north-west of our island velled throughout the length and breadth of the d covered with priceless gems, defenceless and ne. The bard in this beautiful Melody depicts · meeting with a foreign knight, a stranger to country:

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For, though they love women and golden store
Sir knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

And Moore has not been unmindful of the in-ɜnce which hope wields over a nation, as well over an individual, for even in the darkest

hours of a nation's affliction she still indulges in its sweet promptings—hope, whose pleasures have often cheered and supported thousands, even when pressed with the gravest anxieties and cares, when in fact all but life had fled. It was under the flag of hope that our Irish exiles sailed; it was beneath her banner our soldiers in France, Austria, Spain and America have fought and bled; it was her brightest and warmest beam that lit up our patriots' dungeons and our martyrs'; cells it was hope even in the darkest hours of our bondage and our national misery that made us rise triumphant over our woes and banished from our vocabulary the word despair. The poet sings of it thus in his address to:

ERIN, O ERIN!

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frowned on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

What need is there to further multiply instances of the poet's heroic devotion to his country and to its virtues. All his writings are the inspirations of national genius to expose the impolicy of oppression as well as the inhumanity of religious persecutions.

He might well say in the words of the eminent Frenchman,* "I was not born for myself alone, but for my country and my friends."

Though Moore's literary labours brought him during his life-time upwards of £20,000, yet he was often in the most straitened circumstances. Blest with a happy, hopeful temperament, no man took a brighter outlook upon life. He was always optimistic. True, he had also his hours of despondency, so inseparable from the poetic nature, but they were as the summer clouds passing over the face of the sun—only momentary. Under the kindly influence of society, his sadness fled; his whole countenance then was lighted up with wit and humour, and sparkling and exuberant fancy, animated it, as it were, by the force of intellectual nobility from within.

It has become fashionable in some quarters now-a-days to accuse Moore of being English in sentiment as well as English in accent. This we think is due more to ignorance of the man's life and his works than to any rancorous malignity to asperse his memory. True he had to go to England, like many of his countrymen to find a market for his wares, but never did he forget during his forty years residence there and upwards that he was an Irishman: Irish in sentiment, Irish in heart, Irish in sympathy and Irish in feeling. If in these pages we have succeeded in showing that Moore was not only an Irishman but a patriot ever mindful of his country in her hour of tribulation, a brilliant poet and writer of a brilliant period, whose genius did brilliant and noble service to literature and who interpreted to mankind our feelings and our struggles and our hopes, we feel that our purpose shall have been

* De Thou.

fulfilled, and that our task, though humble, shall not have been in vain.

Rest, Moore, then; thou hast not been forgotten, thou sweetest of singers, in the grave where an affectionate people have placed you, where your country, forgetting her strifes and her discords, still mourns over you with a remembrance of all you have done for it, and with a love as pure and a memory as fresh and as green as when she rejoiced when you took your harp and swept its chords to the ancient lay, and gave all the notes to "light freedom and song."

Rest, we say again, in the quietness of that country churchyard where you were placed forty-eight years ago by loving hands and with little ostentation; where the turmoils of earth life shall not reach or disturb you; where you shall enjoy your uninterrupted sleep until the morning when the sound of the archangel's trumpet shall proclaim the day of resurrection.

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